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SUMMER DIVERSIONS—A GARDEN PARTY ON THE NORTH SHORE, MASSACHUSETTS.

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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CAUTION.

THE NORWEGIAN POLAR EXPEDITION, 1893-96.

We desire hereby to notify the public that we are the sole publishers in the United States of the only book prepared by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen and authorized by him to be published in the United States, which gives a complete and adequate account of his celebrated Expedition to the Polar Regions, and which is a duplicate of Dr. Nansen's book published in England. This book contains upon the title-page the following:

FARTHEST NORTH BEING THE RECORD OF A VOYAGE OF EXPLORATION OF THE SHIP *FRAM*, 1893-1896, AND OF A FIFTEEN MONTHS' SLEIGH JOURNEY BY DR. NANSEN AND LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN

Purchasers desiring to obtain the book prepared by Dr. Nansen should be careful to note that the above words, together with our name as publishers, appear upon the title-page of the book offered.

An action has been begun by us against certain persons who, as we claim, have infringed our rights in Dr. Nansen's book, and those who take part with them in such infringement will also be prosecuted.

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NEW YORK.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

THERE is usually very little excitement in politics in the year after a Presidential election; but while the present year does not form an exception to the rule, there are already happenings among party leaders and in party conventions that are worth studying. For the first time since the defeat of BRYAN and his conglomerate following, practical politicians, like Senator GORMAN, for example, have had an opportunity to express themselves in a practical way, and to show what they think of the cause which was defeated at the polls last year. From their expressions, and from the acts and words of Sound Money, or National, Democrats, two things are evident. It is clear that the politicians who followed BRYAN, and who adopted, for the campaign, his views concerning free silver and repudiation, state ownership of systems of transportation and communication, war on the freedom of contract and on the Supreme Court, are convinced that there is nothing for them in the free-silver issue, at least. It is also clear that the National Democrats are determined to continue their organization for the purpose of defeating the free-silver movement.

The attitude of the Democrats who followed BRYAN is suggestive not only of the decadence of the silver issue as a political force, but of its really slight hold on our politicians. The "6,500,000 votes," of which Mr. BRYAN and his friends are very fond of boasting, did not indicate all that the important figures appear to mean. They did indicate distress and discontent, and a powerful opposition to the Republican party and its high-protection policy. But while it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to state precisely the significance of that great vote, it is clear that it did not mean that nearly half the voters of the country favored the debasement of the standard of value. It was known at the time that thousands of Democrats voted for Mr. BRYAN simply because he was the regular candidate of their party, not because they believed that this country could by its statutes make fifty cents' worth of silver equal in value to a dollar in gold. The importance of the Democratic revolt against Mr. BRYAN and Bryanism was sufficiently shown by Republican victories in Democratic strongholds, such as Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, West Virginia, and the city of New York, and by the immense MCKINLEY majorities in States that had been often carried by the Democrats, like New York and Indiana. The results in these States and in New York city proved beyond question that hundreds of thousands of Democrats voted directly for Mr. MCKINLEY. It is an inevitable inference from this open revolt of Democrats against their party that many thousands who voted for its candidate did so simply because he was the regular party candidate. Considering the tenacity with which men cling to old party associations, it is fair to assume that the number of Democrats who voted unwillingly for Mr. BRYAN on the score of regularity exceeded the number of those who revolted.

Politicians of the ingenuity of Mr. GORMAN do not disregard obvious facts. The gold Democrats are inclined to think that the Republicans have forgotten their services in the election of Mr. MCKINLEY, but they may be sure that Mr. GORMAN does not disregard them. He is even now reckoning with them. The other day, as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions of the Democratic Convention of Maryland, he turned his back upon the silver plank of the BRYAN platform, and brought in a resolution declaring that the BRYAN vote had forced Mr. MCKINLEY "to urge upon the European powers, through the medium of a duly appointed commission, the necessity of an international conference to arrange the terms of a bimetallic system." Mr. BRYAN must have been surprised by the Maryland Senator's interpretation of last year's battle for free and independent coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The interesting point in this resolution is, however, Mr. GORMAN'S present pose, because it points to an acceptance of the defeat of the free-coinage movement in politics. Mr. GORMAN'S abandonment of Mr. BRYAN was preceded by the following declaration by ex-Governor BOIES of Iowa: "For one, I do not believe it possible to succeed upon a platform that demands the unqualified free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 with gold. We have fought that battle, and it is lost." Both Mr. GORMAN and Mr. BOIES are giving utterance to the politician's instincts. Neither of them has been converted. Ex-Governor BOIES is an honest unsound-money man, but he is also a practical politician. Mr. GORMAN is nothing but a practical politician. Both are bent on winning, and they must win in the name of Democracy or not at all. They are types, and Mr. GORMAN represents the old leadership of the Democratic party. He is no more a sincere friend of sound money than he was a sincere silver man when he threw in his fortunes with Mr. BRYAN. He accepted free coinage as a promising scheme for party victory, and has dropped it now that he has lost Maryland by reason of it. Both he and Mr. BOIES pick up the old device of bimetallism from the same motive and for the same purpose. They believe that with the abandonment of the demand for free coinage at 16 to 1, and with the revival of the promise of international bimetallism, or of bimetallism through the recognition of the market ratio between the metals, the gold Democrats will be won back to the old leadership and the old party. They doubtless prefer their old Democratic associates. Mr. GORMAN especially has found the Populists headstrong and unamenable to discipline. He remembers "TOM" WATSON, and every day brings him word of the hostility of the "Middle-of-the-road" Populists to regular artisans in Democracy like himself. He sees a growing disinclination to accept old leaders, and he knows that there are corrupt men among the Populists who are willing to sell out to the Republicans for the purpose of preventing fusion between Democrats and Populists. He knew last year that his party was making a tactical blunder in adopting the free-silver cause and in making Mr. BRYAN its candidate. He followed where he had led because, above all else, he is regular. With him principle is nothing, regularity everything. With Mr. BOIES principle is everything, but regularity is of great importance. Both of them want to win back the Democratic vote that was cast against the party last year, and in this respect they stand for the regulars who accepted Mr. BRYAN and voted for him, but whose declared belief in his doctrines was merely the enthusiasm of the campaign.

Will the National Democrats be brought into camp? For more than one reason it is to be hoped that they will not be seduced back to the allegiance which has always more or less disgraced them. Even with their assistance Mr. GORMAN cannot win any more victories. He is discredited, and his opportunity has been lost by his own fault. Moreover, he and his do not stand for the principles which the National Democrats profess. At present there seems to be no sign that the two hostile Democratic factions will come together. The National Democrats are organizing against the common enemy of a year ago, and are putting independent tickets in nomination. They are refusing to unite with the Republicans, it is true, and are declining to make victory doubly sure by continuing to vote with Mr. MCKINLEY'S friends. It may be that the Republicans will yet have cause to regret that they have compelled this attitude on the part of their allies of last year, but, regrettable or not, the attitude is an important fact in the present political situation.

It is decidedly for the interest of the country that the plans of the old Democratic leaders should go astray. Nothing more unfortunate could happen to American politics than the reunion of the dismembered factions of the Democratic party. Such a reunion would mean the restoration to leadership of the men who have discredited their party, defeated its principles, and driven into retirement some of the ablest and most useful public men in the country. The country is to be congratulated that at present the National Democracy display that enthusiam without which new movements are hopeless. And while Mr. GORMAN and some of his associates are shrewd, and while Mr. BOIES possesses the respect of many who do not agree with him, the objects of the wiles of the one and the proffered compromise of the other are so opposed to the principles of the National Democrats that the failure of the transparent movement for harmony seems inevitable.

TRUE AND FALSE PROSPERITY.

THE man who watches the course of prices in Wall Street—and keeps out of it—is in a position to judge of the general drift of financial movement. The sudden rise and fluctuation in the quotations of a few stocks generally mean speculation. Brokers and their clients are bidding against one another, and will buy or sell on a rumor, a surmise, or merely because others are buying or selling. For some years this process has been going on, and Wall Street has been flat and uninteresting. The outside public kept away, and the operations of the Street in every city of the land have only indicated the prevailing atmosphere of depression.

If in such a period of dulness one stock after another begins to rise in price, and in place of inactivity inquiry is made for good investments, securities to be bought and laid away as "gilt-edged," then other features of the general economy of the country may be studied. There may be an unusually good crop of the cereals, or an increasing demand for coal, iron, cotton, or wool, pointing to a new start in industry. If these conditions are found to exist, the earnings of the railroads will reflect the greater movement of freight, a demand for capital is excited, and so the rising tide goes on till it has affected every sphere of the economic activity of the country, and—prosperity is at hand. Periodically, about once in ten years, this phase sets in, and each time seems to gather force with the growth of the industry and commerce of the people.

There are false as well as true explanations of this phenomenon. When it is asserted that a higher tariff, more protective and restrictive on commerce than the last, brings prosperity, the assertion is false. No taxation of one industry for the benefit of another ever created additional capital or called into existence a new profit, for taxation destroys and does not create. Yet the making of new capital, employed for profit, is an essential to real prosperity. An industry must yield something beyond its expenses or it will not be long continued. If the state steps in and guarantees that profit, it can only do so at the expense of other and really profitable ventures. So every new tax is so much taken from the strong for the weaker, and the weak industry is in precisely the position of the pauper who receives out-door relief—it consumes the earnings of others.

On the other hand, large crops, an active market, a heavy transportation movement, and a large export of our products—these mean real prosperity.

RECKLESS LEGISLATION.

SECTION 22 of the new tariff is that which is likely to produce the greatest and the most injurious international irritation. Although the tariff irritates and injures France and Germany, and will bring support to the protectionist sentiment in each of these countries, it is tolerably certain that any measure of retaliation either might adopt would only injure itself the more, so that there is scarcely likely to be any really retaliatory legislation. But Canada is repeatedly challenged to retaliation. The tariff on Canadian lumber is aggravated by the prohibition of Canadian labor. And now comes to light the section of which the primary object is to put an additional duty of ten per cent. upon all imports which come into the United States by way of Canada, and concerning which the pending question is how far this object is neutralized by a subsequent proviso.

This section is especially disgraceful in view of the talk in the Republican platform about Reciprocity and Protection going hand in hand. It was very nonsensical talk, but it was taken to mean, and it was meant to be taken to mean, that

the Republican tariff would exempt Canada from the prohibition which it might put upon other foreign countries. Instead of that, Canada is even worse treated than any other foreign country; and this in spite of the well-known fact that Canada was anxious to negotiate with us a treaty which would practically have extended to the two countries the freedom of trade which prevails between the States. It was only when we had made it evident that we would not enter into such an arrangement that Canada transferred her application from Washington to Westminster, with the result that everybody knows. That the new arrangement will be injurious to our trade with Canada nobody doubts; nor can any doubt that for this diminution our own legislation is responsible.

This we must be supposed to have meant as to the prohibitory duties upon Canadian products, and as to the exclusion of Canadian labor. It was a gross violation of the pledges of the platform and an act of bad faith on the part of the Republican party. But it was less irritating than this section putting an additional ten per cent. upon whatever comes to us from abroad by way of Canada. And the responsibility for this act of hostility is not avowed by anybody. Speaker Reed has declared that he knew nothing of it until he saw it in the newspapers. "He presumed it slipped in, as such things are likely to do." Apparently somebody interested in an American line of steamers across the Pacific secured the "slipping in," and gave Canada a substantial grievance against us. Certainly it was not debated in either House, and cannot be said to have been intended by any party. Its presence in the bill indicates that our commercial legislation is controlled, as Burke said the administration of the East India Company was controlled, by "boyish unluckiness and malice," and not by any view of public or even party interests. That a clause containing the germs of so much international trouble should have been "slipped in" without discussion is disgraceful. But although nobody avows the responsibility for this clause, Speaker Reed has himself a responsibility for it which he cannot avoid, and to which he has already been held. If he had allowed debate in the House, the character of this section would have been exposed. Since he usurped the prerogatives of the body over which he presides, he was bound to use due diligence to prevent indefensible clauses from "slipping in," and this he has clearly failed to do.

WHITE-HOUSE IMPROVEMENTS.

It is reported from Washington that Colonel Bingham, who is in charge of the public buildings of the capital city, is preparing plans for the extension of the White House. The White House, as it stands, is unworthy to be the residence and office of the President of the United States, because it is not large enough. Its business offices, with all the disagreeable incidents inseparable from business offices, intrude upon the dwelling part of the house. Colonel Bingham properly recognizes the need of improvement, and also, we are glad to see, realizes the importance of preserving the dignified and beautiful architectural character of the White House.

Speaking of this noble building, in the Weekly of November 28, 1896, Mr. Bruce Price said: "The White House is by far the most important example of domestic architecture of the earlier part of our history." Mr. Price was discussing a plan for enlarging the building, which was presented in the Weekly, and which the New York *Tribune* afterwards declared to be the plan that ought to be adopted. Mr. Price himself said of this plan that it was the "very soul and substance from which to frame as beautiful a building as the Capitol or the Treasury." It has seemed to all competent critics who have studied this proposed enlargement as if it must have been within the contemplation of the original designer of the building, for it not only preserves the beauties of the house as it is, but amplifies and emphasizes them.

The plan presented in the Weekly has other than architectural advantages. It furnishes sufficient room. Colonel Bingham, who seems to have considered economy somewhat unduly, estimates the cost of his improvement at $300,000. If the work is to be undertaken, it ought to be on such a generous scale that no further additions will have to be made, and $1,000,000 would not be too much to spend for the work. Colonel Bingham proposes, as we understand it, to add to the present house five bedrooms, a state dining-room, and additional office-rooms—the present office-rooms to continue to be used for that purpose. The plan presented by the Weekly contemplates the use of the whole of the present house and an additional number of rooms for domestic purposes and for the entertainment of distinguished guests, a very large reception-hall with an independent approach, ample new offices for the President and his clerks, and a cabinet-room, with an independent approach to the business end of the building. This, or something as important and as beautiful, is what should be adopted if the sorely needed additions to the White House are to be made.

MURDER AS A POLITICAL AGENCY.

The assassination of Cánovas del Castillo has, as is usual under such circumstances, caused lively speculation as to what the political consequences of that tragic event may be. Will it improve the chances of the Carlists in Spain? Will it strengthen the republican movement in that kingdom? Will it bring about a change in the policy of the Spanish government with regard to Cuba? The probability is that nothing will happen that would not have been brought about by other causes—causes of a general nature far more potential than the disappearance of a single individual from the political stage. It is remarkable how little the course of history has been affected by sudden removal of men of power who at the time seemed to hold in their hands the destinies of their countries, or even of the world. The dagger that killed Cæsar did not prevent the development of imperialism in Rome. The Roman republic was ripe for it, and it came. The violent deaths of various Roman emperors utterly failed to change the character of the Roman Empire. As to similar occurrences in more modern times, the murder of William the Silent did not prevent the deliverance of the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. It has been said that the assassination of Henry IV. of France precipitated the religious conflicts which followed it, desolating a part of continental Europe, and that had he lived longer those conflicts might have been entirely prevented; but a thorough study of the history of that period authorizes the opinion that those calamities would have ultimately come had Henry IV. not been murdered. The stabbing or strangling to death of Russian Czars resulted only in changes of persons. The dynamite bomb which killed Alexander II. left Russia substantially in the same condition in which it had found it. Neither can it be said that the assassinations of republican Presidents in the United States and in France produced any effects of lasting consequence. That of Abraham Lincoln certainly did not save the Southern Confederacy from collapse, and those of Garfield and of Carnot brought about virtually only the substitution of one chief magistrate for another.

Without underrating the influence exercised by great men upon the course of events, and leaving aside speculations as to what possibly might have happened had the bloody deeds in question been committed at different periods or under different circumstances, and taking into consideration only the facts as they are recorded, it may be said that the murders of political potentates, for the accomplishment of whatever ends they may have been designed, were, as a rule, mere ineffectual atrocities. In some cases the evident purpose for which those acts of violence were intended served to make them intelligible. The tyrannicide who imagined the deliverance of his countrymen from usurpation or oppression, and the religious fanatic who schemed to help or avenge his church, can be understood. Their motives had a simple and logical application to an actual state of things, and they aimed at the accomplishment of immediate and definite results. In some historic cases the character and the motives of the perpetrators distinguished their acts so much from common crime, that the criminal nature of the deeds was almost wholly overlooked in popular judgment. But of late years we are startled by a class of assassinations which can be explained only upon theories so complicated and so wholly unnatural that we seem to stand in the presence of an insolvable psychological puzzle.

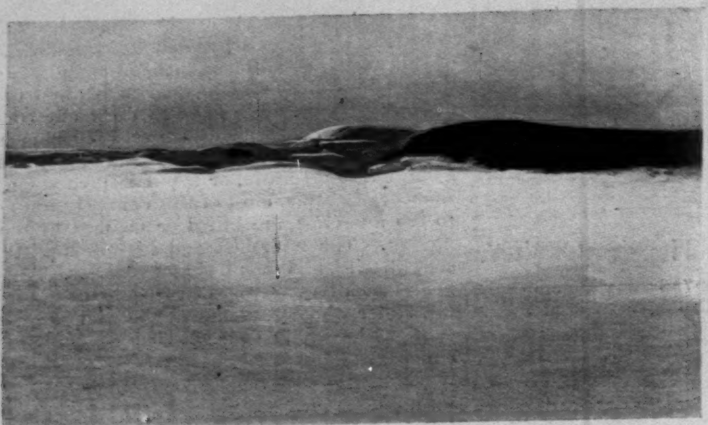
When we speak of the "anarchist" we mean to designate with that name a human being who is in a general way the enemy of all that exists, and who seeks to overthrow it by any means, however criminal and atrocious, but who has never been able to give an account in the slightest degree intelligible of the kind of society he thinks of putting in the place of that which he wants to destroy. We hear indeed some wild talk about the establishment of a social order, or disorder, without government and without laws and courts of justice, in which everybody can do what he or she pleases, and that when everybody can do what he or she pleases, everybody will do right, and have enough of the good things of this world, and be happy. But all this is so absolutely inconceivable to the human imagination, not to speak of human reason, that only insane people can be supposed to entertain it. The means by which the establishment of this social condition is to be accomplished are equally inexplicable as to their adaptation to the ulterior purpose. We have to draw our conclusions from things which have actually happened. A dynamite bomb is dropped by an anarchist into a church, or a theatre, or a public procession. A number of people, most of them entirely unknown to the anarchist, are killed or maimed by the explosion. The anarchist and his accomplices are caught, tried, and executed as murderers. Another anarchist kills the chief of the state, or the minister, under whose government the trial and the executions have taken place. This anarchist, when caught, explains his crime by saying that he had to avenge the death of his executed, or, as he calls it, murdered friends. He leaves the inference that, if he is executed, one of his friends will in turn avenge his execution in the same way.

Now what can all this mean? The anarchist who kills a President or minister, on the pretence of avenging the execution of another anarchist murderer, may possibly imagine that if this process goes on with some regularity public officers will become afraid to hurt anarchists, and that the anarchists may then drop dynamite bombs wherever and whenever they please with impunity. This kind of reasoning is built upon the fantastic assumption that there is no courage left in human society except that of the anarchists. Still, however absurd the premise, there is a semblance of logic in it. But it does not explain the reason for their throwing dynamite bombs into churches and theatres, among promiscuous gatherings of inoffensive people, to kill anybody that may be about. The only thing approximating an explanation that has been said is that the plan of the anarchists is to throw society, by these seemingly causeless murders, into a condition of abject terror, and thereby to create a general state of the intensest bewilderment and confusion, in which, everybody else having completely lost his head, the anarchists are the only people who have kept their five senses together and know what they want, and that then they can step in and regulate things according to their notions. The idea that by this sort of terrorism human society, as at present organized, could be moved to abdicate all its functions, and to deliver itself into the hands of an organization of murderers, is so absolutely preposterous that its serious conception can be attributed only to an utterly deranged state of mind.

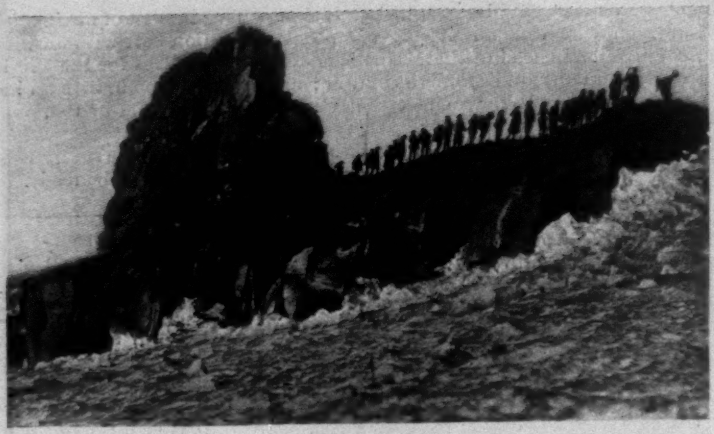
There may be some persons sincerely cherishing such amazing fancies, and willing to live and die for them; but among the more active element of the anarchists characters of a very different kind have been discovered—persons too lazy to do any honest work, who found that they could get along without it by devoting themselves to the destruction of all existing institutions, and some others, too, who, as judicial proceedings in France showed a few years ago, made their living as footpads, or burglars, or forgers, and what not, thus punishing society for their own benefit in detail before reforming it in bulk. Such anarchists certainly never felt themselves as Brutuses and Cassiuses seeing in accumulated wealth and in every sort of power a Cæsar to stab, or as philosophers and prophets only a century or two ahead of their time. They are simply common criminals of the worst kind. But they form an essential part of the militant force of anarchism.

That the anarchists cannot attain any of the ulterior objects attributed to them is a matter of course. But their existence nevertheless imposes a serious problem upon society. It is to defend itself against a secret combination of crazy people and criminals—that is, to punish and so far as possible to prevent the atrocities which form their trade, without trenching upon the legitimate and necessary rights and liberties of the citizen. In this country the danger of an encroachment upon those rights and liberties by such measures of repression and prevention, although not altogether absent, is far less threatening than in European states, the governments of which have a tendency to aggrandize the police power, and are prone to avail themselves of any apparent or real public danger, or any panicky feeling among the people, to this end at the expense of free institutions. While the crimes of the anarchists are apt to produce such panicky feelings on account of the prominence of their victims, there is really no reason to apprehend that they may not be prevented and punished by the same appliances which are sufficient for the breaking up and punishment of bands of brigands or counterfeiters of money. To extirpate their so-called doctrines those measures are certainly the worst which would make the law-abiding citizen fear for his own rights.

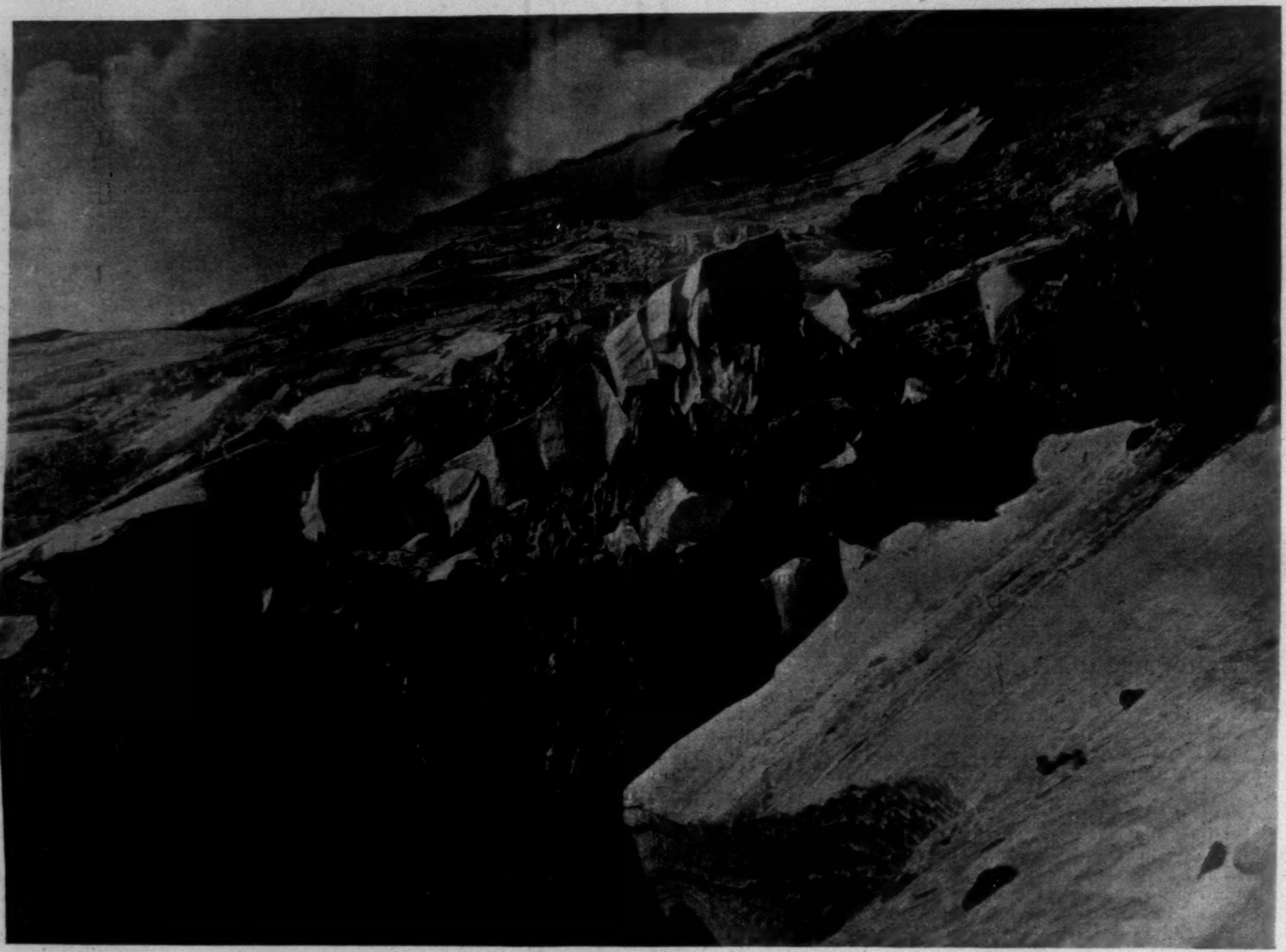
Carl Schurz.



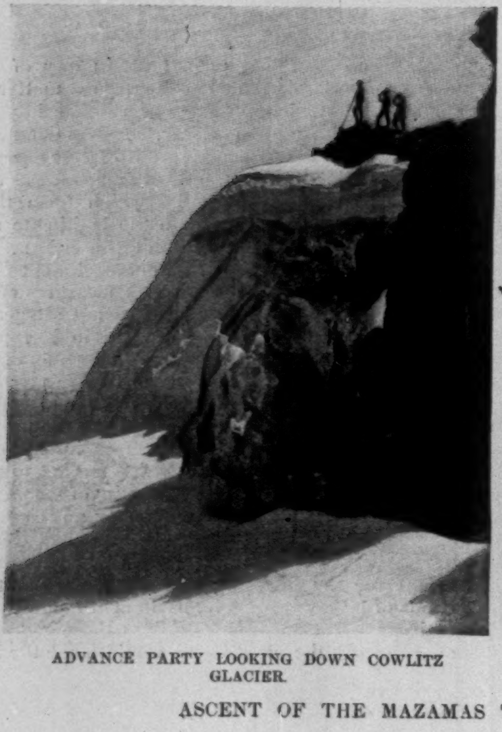
EAST RIM OF THE CRATER AND COLUMBIA ROCK.



PASSING THE BEEHIVE.

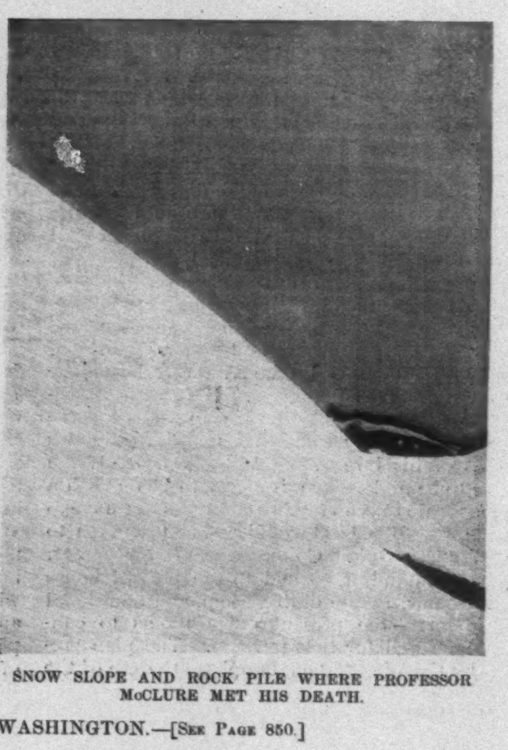


NISQUALLY GLACIER, AT AN ALTITUDE OF 8000 FEET.



ADVANCE PARTY LOOKING DOWN COWLITZ GLACIER.

AN ICE CAVE ON THE NISQUALLY.



SNOW SLOPE AND ROCK PILE WHERE PROFESSOR McCLURE MET HIS DEATH.

ASCENT OF THE MAZAMAS TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT RAINIER, WASHINGTON.—[See Page 850.]

ADVANCE PARTY CROSSING NISQUALLY GLACIER.

CROSSING THE FIRST SNOW FIELD.

MOUNT RAINIER FROM REFLECTION LAKE.

STORM BREAKING AWAY ON NISQUALLY GLACIER.

P. B. VAN TRUMP ON THE SITE OF HIS OLD CAMP.
He made the first Ascent of Mount Rainier, in 1870, with General Hazard Stevens.

LOOKING EAST FROM CAMP MUIR.

ASCENT OF THE MAZAMAS TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT RAINIER, WASHINGTON.—[See Page 850.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Berlin, August 8, 1897.

General Blumenthal has just celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his entering the Prussian army. He is eighty-seven years old, having been born in 1810—the year in which Queen Louisa died.

With Blumenthal will pass away the last of the venerable leaders who made the reign of William I. memorable for its vigorous old men. Blumenthal, like Moltke, is a man of singular modesty and gentleness of disposition. On the many occasions when I have been privileged to meet him I have been particularly struck with these qualities, so rarely combined in the Prussian soldier. During the later years of his life he has shown a physical vigor astonishing to the youngsters about him.

At one of the grand manœuvres, if I remember rightly, near Hanover, the day opened with a cold, sullen rainstorm that promised discomfort. We were not disappointed. The military attachés said to themselves, "Of course we sha'n't see Blumenthal to-day." But we were all mistaken; for we soon saw the grand old Field-Marshal, without an overcoat on, sitting motionless on his horse, and taking apparently no notice whatever of the searching streams that were insidiously creeping into our clothes, and suggesting future twinges of rheumatism. The officers, particularly the older ones, wished very much to put on their overcoats, but so long as Blumenthal did not wear his, they of course could not. Repeated hints were offered the old gentleman, but he smilingly ignored them, to our increasing discomfort. There rode by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor's, and he also implored the venerable Field-Marshal to protect himself, but without effect.

All this while the Emperor was directing the operations of 30,000 men, and was so much engrossed as to forget entirely that he too was becoming gradually saturated. An aide-de-camp offered him his cloak in vain. At last, however, one bolder and more quick-witted than the rest called his Majesty's attention to the fact that old Blumenthal would not cover himself so long as the Emperor did not set the example. Of course William II. at once threw a cloak about him, and sent word to Blumenthal to do the same. Never did an imperial edict give more immediate satisfaction than this one, which allowed several dozens of handsomely uniformed warriors to protect their bones and gold lace from the effects of a long cold rain.

If Field-Marshal Blumenthal has taken the trouble to write, from time to time, his impressions of men and measures during his long official career, these will prove of great interest to the future historian, for Blumenthal is inclined to be liberal in his political views. It was no doubt on this account, as well as because of his military capacity, that the Crown-Prince, in 1870, made a special request for him as chief of his staff.

The Emperor Frederick, as we know, delighted in the conversation of cultivated and liberal men, and was deemed in Prussia as rather peculiar because he did not limit his acquaintance exclusively to soldiers and officials. I am inclined to think that he had a larger acquaintance with men of intellectual achievement than any other monarch who has ever sat upon the Prussian throne. If Field-Marshal Blumenthal would give the world a true version of his many intimate talks with the noble "Fritz" it would be a most valuable contribution to modern German history.

Last week I was talking politics with a German publicist whose opinion is universally respected here. He surprised me by saying that, in his opinion, a German history written by a German not only did not exist, but could not be produced in the present state of things. He referred particularly to such a work as Green's *History of England*, and deplored the existence in Germany of a spirit in governmental circles which proved hostile to honest literary work.

Of course I protested that we Americans were brought up to regard Germany as the very fountain-head of scientific accuracy and, above all, historic truth. I spoke of such famous works as Ranke's *Popes of Rome*, Curtius's *History of Greece*, Mommsen's *Roman History*. But he cut me short by pointing out that such histories dealt with far-away times and things, and not with interests affecting the political life of to-day. The fact is that promotion in every literary walk of life is, in Prussia at least, intimately associated with official favor. The government is the patron of painters, sculptors, actors, and university professors—indirectly if not directly. The Berlin man of science must range himself with the colorless mass of officials, or else be regarded as an enemy of the government, that is to say, a liberal. As such no government can rob him of his past achievements, but he must carry on his future life's work under the disadvantage of having the most powerful patron in the country for a sleepless enemy. A Virchow may rise above such obstacles, but the Berlin university professors have grown so accustomed to the atmosphere of the official that they cease to reason about questions of national interest.

The Prussian of to-day confuses loyalty to the person of his king with loyalty to truth. That is perhaps the reason why Prussia is mostly made up of either socialists or soldiers.

The magnificent monument to Frederick the Great which adorns the space between the palace of old Emperor William and the University of Berlin furnishes a striking illustration of the radical difference between a constitutional and a military government. The monument I refer to is one of the grandest equestrian compositions in the world, made by the foremost sculptor of his day, paid for by a grateful population, and commemorating a monarch not only glorious as a soldier, but also as the patron of art and letters. This monument, as every American tourist knows, is supposed to bring together all the great men who lived under this king—something after the manner of the Albert Memorial in London.

Amongst the dozen who crowd in effigy about the base of this statue I could discover but two whose profession was not exclusively that of killing their fellow-man. These two were Kant and Lessing, the only names in the whole crowd that would to-day be generally known amongst fairly educated people.

If honesty, cleverness, and enterprise could make a monarch popular, the throne of William II. would be the safest investment in Europe. But unfortunately for him the people over whom he rules are disposed to have a share in the government of their country, and hence to-day a friction between mob and monarch that made revolution fifty years ago. Indeed, there is a curious parallel between William II. and his grandfather's brother, Frederick William IV., who commenced to reign in 1840, and nearly ceased his official existence in the stormy days of 1848. As we all know, Frederick William IV. was a most enlightened, pious, respectable, hard-working, and humane man, but that did not save him.

Just now the German Emperor and the German Parliament are in conflict as to whether the navy of the fatherland shall be increased much or little. The Emperor wishes a very large increase; the German representatives say that the money could be better spent on something else. In 1862 a conflict like this arose over the army budget, with the result that the late Emperor William I. dismissed the people's representative, and ruled happily without consulting any Parliament at all. I have heard excellent men in Berlin say latterly that 1862 will repeat itself. If so, I am sorry to hear it.

German members of Parliament have recently been referred to as "Vaterlandslose Gesellen" (fellows who have divested themselves of all feeling for their country) because they refused to vote the whole navy budget submitted by the government. This uncomplimentary expression is said to have been used by the Emperor himself. If so, it shows that he has no ministers about him strong enough to tell him the truth. Hohenlohe is paid for that purpose.

I know many very loyal Germans who love their Emperor and love their country, yet decline to vote more money for the navy. The Emperor should know this through his ministers, and not have to learn it through an American paper. Since the founding of the German Empire the amount spent on the navy has amounted to nearly four hundred million dollars—a very handsome sum, considering the amount of good these dollars might have done had they gone to improve the sanitary condition of school buildings, or to plant trees along the highways, or to raise the salaries of the half-starved officials and teachers and clergymen.

Germans are just now commenting on the fact that between 1872 and 1888 (when the present Emperor acceded) the annual naval expenditure did not double, but that since 1888 the marine budget has increased fourfold. In 1872 the naval expenditure was thirty-one million marks; for this year it is one hundred and seventeen millions. The cost of increasing the navy has been relatively greater than that of increasing the army

A German navy is a quite modern thing, and many patriotic Germans cannot see much necessity for one. Frederick the Great never bothered his head about a navy, yet managed to thrash all his neighbors, and make of Prussia the strongest war force in all Europe. His successors down to the year 1884 looked upon a navy as unnecessary

In 1884 Bismarck was hard pressed for some new toy with which to amuse his captious parliamentary nursery, so he hoisted German flags in several swamps along the shores of Africa and proclaimed Germany a colonial power; and of course colonies must be protected, so a navy had to be built.

Anton von Werner, the president of the Berlin Art Academy, delivered a very scathing address to his students last week. It was published unabridged in the newspapers, and has made a deep impression—for this gentleman speaks his mind vigorously. He condemned the present German fashion of seeking success in art by imitating foreign eccentricities—by appealing to a vulgar taste for what is merely sensational. The distinguished speaker had a splendid text in the present Berlin exhibition, for I looked in vain for any general expression of good German art. There were second-hand Leightons and Corots and Whistlers and Watts. There was a violent straining after very thin so-called *plein air* effect; there were imitations of Millet and other Frenchmen; but I had come to see the work of Germans, and was disappointed.

Berlin is, however, by no means the capital of Germany as Paris is that of France, and therefore we must not conclude that because Berlin art is poor there are not plenty of good painters in the father-land. Munich and Dresden, Hamburg and Leipsic—such cities have traditions in literature and art antedating the German Empire, and these have not yet been surrendered. Berlin is now too much a city of barracks and bureaux to be a pleasant residence for a mere civilian artist. The central police overshadow municipal liberties so much that Germans who have made a fortune rarely seek their leisure in the neighborhood of the "Spree Athens." Paris and London draw thousands of wealthy strangers to their gates, and these in turn attract thousands of painters. When Berlin does for Germany what London does for England, then—the Salon on the Spree will be worth coming to see.

The election of Professor Schmoller to be rector, or president, of the Berlin University is greeted with much applause by Liberals in Germany, because this election is something of a political as well as academic test. The universities have in Germany always been the nurseries of liberal, not to say revolutionary, citizens, and the secret police is their permanent enemy. In England and with us the opposite is the case. Perhaps that is one reason why revolutions in Germany have been such tame things—they have rarely emanated from the broad masses of the people, as in France. However, Schmoller is a Liberal, and the Berlin University in making him its president at this moment is credited with a desire to acquaint the government that it is not in sympathy with its present policy. The "Rector" must be approved by the Kaiser, and this in Prussia is by no means a matter of course—as Virchow knows. Schmoller is to Germany what Professor Sumner is to us—a critical student of political economy with no reference to any school. Both Schmoller and Sumner are historians as well as economists; both are the most popular lecturers at their respective universities; both preach the truth too distinctly to be favorites at court. I well remember the efforts made by protectionists to have Sumner removed from Yale in the years following the popular majority given to Samuel J. Tilden in 1876. The agrarians of Prussia would like to drive Schmoller out of his post, for he is a master of Prussian financial history, and refuses to support the present government. Schmoller is in the prime of life, a jovial, broad-shouldered German, with lots of common-sense. He would make a much better Prime Minister than Hohenlohe—for I presume that he has the courage to resist the insidious effects of court life.

Poultney Bigelow.

THE MAZAMAS ON MOUNT RAINIER.

To the thousands who are interested in the promotion of exploration, scientific research, and the science of mountaineering, the word Mazama is familiar. The Mazamas organized July 19, 1894, on Mount Hood, and eligibility to membership requires that the applicant shall have climbed to the summit of a snow-capped mountain. In general terms this is understood to mean the mountain shall not be less than 10,000 feet high, and must have a living glacier. The Mazamas have just made their first ascent of Mount Rainier. It was the largest expedition that ever reached the top of the giant of the Cascades, and one of the largest that ever ascended any mountain-peak of fame. The party returned in sorrow and gloom because of the awful death of Professor Edgar McClure, of Oregon, who, while descending at night, fell over a precipice. His bruised and mangled body was found among the rocks by his comrades, and now rests in an Oregon cemetery. His death was due to lack of caution and failure to use the rope. It is safe to say that never again will experienced mountain-climbers attempt to lead so large a party on an expedition, which from the start to the finish is one grand bundle of dangers. The party, seventy-three in number, including some of the most scientific mountaineers of the world, left Tacoma July 20, 1897. Among its distinguished members were Dr. B. A. Tichonoff, vice-inspector of the Russian forestry; Henry G. Gannett, chief geographer of the United States Geological Survey; Frederick Haynes Newell, chief hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief biologist of the United States Biological Survey; Dr. A. K. Fisher, assistant chief biologist; Dr. Frank R. Baker, superintendent of the National Zoological Parks; Dr. B. E. Fernow, chief of the forestry division, United States Department of Agriculture; and P. B. Van Trump, of Yelm, Washington, who made the first ascent of Mount Rainier, 1870, with General Hazard Stevens.

Just before Paradise Valley was reached, Edward Curtis, the leader of the party, said to some friends: "It will be a grand trip, but there are too many inexperienced people in the party. I fear that before we return some accident will happen which will bathe the trip in gloom." His words proved true. In addition to the death of Professor McClure, a number of severe accidents occurred, which caused the experienced members of the party much annoyance. Dr. E. Weldon Young, the physician of the occasion, was in constant service. A large majority of those who attempted the ascent were inexperienced in mountain-climbing. From time to time they were seized with fits of dizziness, nose-bleeds, and other illnesses, which are bound to come to persons unaccustomed to the altitude and the general hardships of a mountain-climbing trip.

Paradise Valley was reached July 22, but a few stragglers did not arrive until the following day. The party enjoyed the beauty of the valley until July 26, when the start to Camp Muir was commenced. The journey was made in a day. The night was spent there, and on the morning of July 27 the Mazamas started for the summit. Of the seventy-three who started, fifty eight reached the crater. The others were compelled to return. Those who were successful accomplished a feat which many have tried and failed. While the successful ones were *en route* to and from the summit, three distinct parties that left Paradise Valley with the intention of spending a night in the crater were compelled to give up in despair after reaching an altitude of about 12,000 feet. It may be said that but for the presence of a half-dozen or more experienced mountain-climbers, some of the amateurs of the Mazama party would not have seen the summit of Rainier. Life-lines were kept out during the entire trip, and, as one climber said, "the experienced members of the party ascended several times, while the amateurs hardly reached the summit." All the weak ones had to do was to hold on to the life-lines, and they were safe.

The Mazamas climbed from Camp Muir to the summit in eleven hours, having started at 5 A.M., and stepped into the crater at 3.50 P.M. Thirty minutes were consumed in registering, photographing, etc., and at 4.20 P.M. the descent commenced. Camp Muir was reached about nine o'clock that night. Some of the party spent the night, while others pushed on to Mazama Camp, in Paradise Valley. It was while this journey was being made that Professor McClure met death. With several others he had pushed ahead of the main party. The life-line was not in use. He got beyond the members of his party, and in the darkness fell over a snow precipice. The main body of the Mazamas reached Paradise Valley at 4 A.M., Thursday, and three hours later the rescue party arrived with McClure's body on a stretcher. Investigation showed that McClure had slipped on a high snow precipice about 200 feet east of the huge pile of rocks one and a half miles above Camp Mazama, toward Camp Muir, commonly called "The Sphinx," now renamed "McClure Rocks." He was hurled with tremendous velocity to the rocks 200 feet below, striking head first. Death must have been instantaneous. Had he gone fourteen feet further east he would have missed the rocks entirely, sliding on down the mountain for perhaps one-quarter of a mile, but in all probability in safety. His death is the first fatality to occur on Rainier.

Eight of the party, including two ladies, spent the night of July 27 in the crater. The following day they started to return, and late in the evening news reached Paradise Valley that Walter Rogers, of Portland, one of those who had remained in the crater, had slipped on a snow precipice east of McClure Rocks, and had fallen into a crevice. H. C. Ainsley, of Portland, met with a similar accident. The Mazamas organized a rescuing party, and, after much difficult work, succeeded in rescuing the two men and returning with them in safety to the camp.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Washington Corrington, of Peoria, Illinois, has announced his intention of devoting his fortune of a million dollars or more—perhaps a million and a half—to founding a university. He is a farmer, eighty-five years old, of New England descent, but a native of Ohio, who has lived near Peoria since 1846. His wife, a little younger than himself, is living, and they have five children. Mr. Corrington is a self-educated man, who learned to read later in life than most Americans do; but having learned, has practised that accomplishment pretty diligently for the last forty years, much to his satisfaction and profit. He wanted his children to be educated, and one of his sons went through college, but the others did not care about it. Though he has himself become an exceptionally well-informed man, he has always regretted his lack of early education, and has wished to offer to others the opportunities which were denied to him. For twenty years he has entertained the purpose to devote the bulk of his accumulations to a university. Now he has appointed three trustees, who, at his death, are to turn his farms and various properties into money, and to proceed to start an institution, the scope and purposes of which he thus describes:

> The name of the said university shall be the Corrington Institute and University. Its object and purpose shall be to collect and diffuse knowledge among mankind, embracing science in all its departments, classic and modern; mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, geography, history, political economy, law, medicine, metaphysics and higher criticism, and all else that may be worth knowing—all on a pure ethical basis—to the end that we may have a higher grade of instruction for the human family, and that all truth and knowledge may be disseminated.

Mr. Corrington believes that women need education as much as men do, and his Institute and University will be coeducational. His plan is still only a plan, but it shows good promise of fulfilment. It seems to be the men who got their book-learning in spite of great obstacles who are most disposed to found colleges and to smooth the path of learners. There have been so many such men in this country, and institutions of learning founded by them are beginning so to abound, that the time seems almost in sight when there will be so many colleges that ambitious lads will no longer be permitted to grow up illiterate and get rich, and will no longer feel in their maturity the impulse to found new universities.

Peoria, with a population of over 40,000, is the second city in Illinois. If its fame heretofore has been largely associated with the production of whiskey and of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, that is only an incident, and should prejudice no one against it. Of course it will profit from the institution which Mr. Corrington intends to found, even though the new university should find its scope necessarily more restricted than its founder intends.

Urged perhaps by the disposition of the *Sun* to find a dog-day's topic in pensions, a Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* declares that pension expenditures have finally reached the top notch, and are bound to decrease henceforth, unless Congress meddles. On June 30, 1896, there were 970,678 names on the pension rolls. During the next twelve months about 30,000 of these pensioners died, and the names of 14,000 others were dropped for various reasons. But almost exactly as many new names were added, so that there was a net increase of 154 names. That is not much, for in spite of it the actual disbursements were about $1,500,000 less last year than the year before. There are about 450,000 claims pending; but, notwithstanding that, this sanguine correspondent expects the pension burden to grow annually less. It is a hopeful view to take, and not only contrary to experience, but contrary apparently to the intentions of a large and industrious organized body of our fellow-citizens, who seem determined that the tax-payers shall discredit that old saw about the ingratitude of republics.

Attorney-General Knowlton of Massachusetts decides, in an elaborate paper, that the recent law, which was to make it unsafe for Massachusetts women to wear birds in their hats does not apply to birds killed outside of the State. Inasmuch as this decision takes most of the bite out of the present law, it is in order now for the defenders of birds to prepare a new law which shall be proof against legal interpretations.

As a result of the proposition to divert the funds raised for a Stowe monument in Hartford to the support of Mrs. Stowe's daughters, these ladies (there are two of them) have signed their names to a communication to the Hartford newspapers which reads:

> While we fully appreciate the kindly feeling that has prompted all the talk and suggestions in the matter of our temporal affairs, still we wish to say that an error seems to be prevalent regarding them. We are happy to be able to state to those kindly interested that we are, and we hope we always shall be, far from needing assistance, either public or private.

Herr Andrée has made no report of himself as yet, but there is nothing to be gained by giving him up. He told his relatives before he started that if he was not heard from within two months after he got off, it would probably be a year before he would be able to bring in his report. The two months are nearly up, but the fact that he faced the possibility of spending a year out of reach of civilization is a hopeful consideration. The longer he stays away, the bigger his book will be when he writes it.

The newspapers, however, print an interesting rumor that a real Andrée pigeon has been caught, bearing the message: "Eighty-two degrees passed. Good journey northward. Andrée." The date was illegible. Another message, said to have been brought by the same bird, has not been disclosed. The whole story at this writing needs confirmation.

Another newspaper story records the discovery of "remarkable finds of pearls, in apparently inexhaustible quantities, in lakes and bayous of western Arkansas." Maybe so. Pearls make the most satisfactory scarf-pins in use, and many persons will find personal adornment a good deal simplified by a big abatement in the price of them. These Arkansas pearls are said to form in the shells of mussels.

Hartford reports an extraordinary and momentous August visitation of mosquitoes, due to heavy rains and floods in the Connecticut Valley. Hartford mail-carriers have had to wear veils and gloves, and the transaction of business has been retarded. In Yonkers, it is said, there has been a plague of fleas, which have made existence exceptionally lively in some parts of the town. New York reports nothing more unusual than a visitation of buyers, brought here through the efforts of the Merchants' Association, which induced various railroads to bring purchasers from outlying districts, near and remote, at reduced rates of fare. This last piece of enterprise has been highly successful, and brought some thousands of remunerative visitors to town in a month when trade is usually somewhat dull and the streets of New York comparatively empty.

There may be more famous graduates of Brown University than Mr. Richard Olney, late Secretary of State, but only persons exceptionally familiar with the catalogue of the Brown alumni will recall them. Mr. Olney is famous enough to make it worth noting that he is stated to have written to the faculty of Brown a strong protest against the action of the trustees in the case of Dr. Andrews. Mr. Olney, as we all know, believes in free speech, and likes his with the bark on, and thinks it inexpedient that Dr. Andrews should be restrained. He has followed the course, unique in the Brown-Andrews controversy, of sending his letter to the persons addressed, without saving a copy for the use of the newspapers.

Another distinguished gentleman who has expressed views about the case of Dr. Andrews is Senator Hoar, who has recorded an emphatic opinion that "a college president or professor has as much right to express his opinion on a question affecting the community as any man in the country." The public should know what the scholars think, says the Senator. Yet he has not much fault to find with the trustees of Brown.

> "I can't see," he says, "that they have asked President Andrews to resign. They have simply asked him to consult with them. If we can approach a man who is stating his honest opinion on a question which seems to be a matter of public policy, who is doing what he can to put up a dollar worth forty-two cents, I don't see why we can't indulge the trustees in the discussion of the policy to be pursued by the college."

It is rumored now that a number of the four-and-twenty youngers of the Brown faculty who signed the protest against acceptance of Dr. Andrews's resignation will resign their places if his resignation is accepted. It is also rumored that the faculty protest angered some of the trustees, and tuned them up for war. Congressman Walker especially is credited with having streaked his visage with martial pigments and gritted his teeth; but then rumor is apt to exaggerate, and we should not believe all we hear.

The one person who seems to be entirely reconciled to the situation at Brown is Mr. John Brisben Walker, who announces that the Cosmopolitan University is fast getting into shape, and that Dr. Andrews has definitely accepted the presidency of it.

The encounter with swords between Prince Henry of Orleans and the Count of Turin, on Sunday morning, August 15, in the Bois de Vaucresson, near Paris, though by no means so much of a fight as that between Fitzsimmons and Corbett at Carson City, was, on the whole, a better exhibition than was expected. There seems to have been no vitascope on the ground (a singular omission, especially as the true motive of the fight appears to have been advertisement), and we shall never therefore enjoy a full realization of what occurred. Still, the affair has been pretty thoroughly reported, and all narratives agree as to the main facts—that the contestants fought five rounds in twenty-six minutes, and that the duel was terminated when Prince Henry received a puncture of respectable gravity in the lower right-hand corner of his stomach. Twice the engagement was stopped by a "*corps de corps*," a mysterious occurrence which may mean that they clinched. It is reported that it is considered in Italy that Prince Henry was knocked out, and that Rome howls with delight at that result.

The duel, as possibly some readers of the Weekly may have learned, was a consequence of strictures communicated from Abyssinia by Prince Henry to the Paris *Figaro* upon the behavior of the Italians in their recent war with King Menelek.

A benevolent Boston woman, who is sorry for the poor seals which are being exterminated for the sake of their skins, proposes that American women shall come to their relief by declining to wear seal-skin coats. The suggestion is kind, but not valuable. If the seals can't be protected, they will be wiped out, but it will not be the fault of the women who wear seal-skins, but of the government of Great Britain. Meanwhile, if the Boston women really want to help the seals, let them start a fashion of using the scalps of Canadian seal-hunters for trimming. That might really do some good.

The Boston *Transcript* finds in Kipling's "Recessional" the forecast of "a very possible day when the first newspaper man to become laureate shall have earned his bays of England's future king." Very possibly; but it won't be much of a day. The appointment of a new laureate would not be an event, but only a piece of news; and the selection of a distinguished newspaper man to be poet-laureate would rather be an incident in his career than a clear case of promotion. The laurel has wilted a good deal since Tennyson wore it.

The most stirring news disclosed at the recent meeting of the American Association at Detroit was the announcement by Dr. Spencer of Washington that the habits of the Great Lakes were steadily progressing towards a change, and that, unless something was done to hinder, the lakes would presently discharge their surplus across Chicago, or thereabouts, into the Mississippi River, instead of over Niagara Falls, as at present. Dr. Spencer considered Detroit as well as Chicago in a situation of peril—not immediate, to be sure, but geologically certain, unless means were used to prevent it.

As this peril is apparently due to the prospective closing of the Niagara River, it can probably be averted by keeping that river open. Meanwhile work is progressing on the Chicago drainage canal, and no doubt Chicago will soon be in a position to accommodate any reasonable amount of lake water that inclines to travel southward by the direct route to the Gulf.

The new president of the American Association, Professor Frederick Ward Putnam of Harvard, has been permanent secretary of the association for twenty-five years. He is Professor of American Archæology and Ethnology at Harvard, and curator of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge. He was chief of the department of ethnology at the Chicago Fair. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1839, and took with such zeal to the study of natural history that he was elected a member of the Boston Natural History Society in 1856, when he was seventeen years old. The distinguished record of his scientific labors, and of the important places he has filled and still fills in various scientific societies, would take more space than can here be given to it.

Next year the American Association will meet in Boston and celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in the city of its birth.

Lord Kelvin, who passed through New York a fortnight ago on his way to the meeting of the British Association at Toronto, is not, like Lord Salisbury, a peer who is a scientist in his spare time, but a professor whose vocation is science, and who is only incidentally a lord. He is Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and there may be readers of the Weekly, not familiarly conversant with contemporary scientists, who may not recall that he was born (in 1824) William Thomson, son of James Thomson, also a Glasgow professor.

Lord Kelvin's term of fruitful labor, which gives no sign as yet of reaching its limit, already covers more than half a century. He went to college in Glasgow when he was eleven years old; at twenty-one he was a second wrangler and a fellow at Cambridge; and at twenty-two, in 1846, he was appointed to the Glasgow professorship, which he has ever since held. He is especially wise about electricity, and for his labors in connection with the laying of the Atlantic cable in 1866 he was knighted. He invented a form of the mariner's compass and a machine for taking soundings, both of which are extensively used in navigation. He has received all the distinctions that a British scientist can find room for, has five times been president of the British Association, and in 1890 succeeded Sir George Stokes as president of the Royal Society. In 1892 he was created first Lord Kelvin.

Lord Rayleigh, who shared with Professor Ramsay the distinction of discovering argon, got his title by inheritance from his father. He, too, has been at the meeting in Toronto.

On August 16, Justice Stephen Johnson Field broke the record for length of service as a member of the United States Supreme Court. Chief-Justice Marshall, whose appointment by President Adams was confirmed on December 31, 1801, served until his death on July 6, 1835. Justice Field was appointed by President Lincoln on May 3, 1863, but he was not sworn in until May 20, and for record purposes the lapse of time seems to be computed from that date.

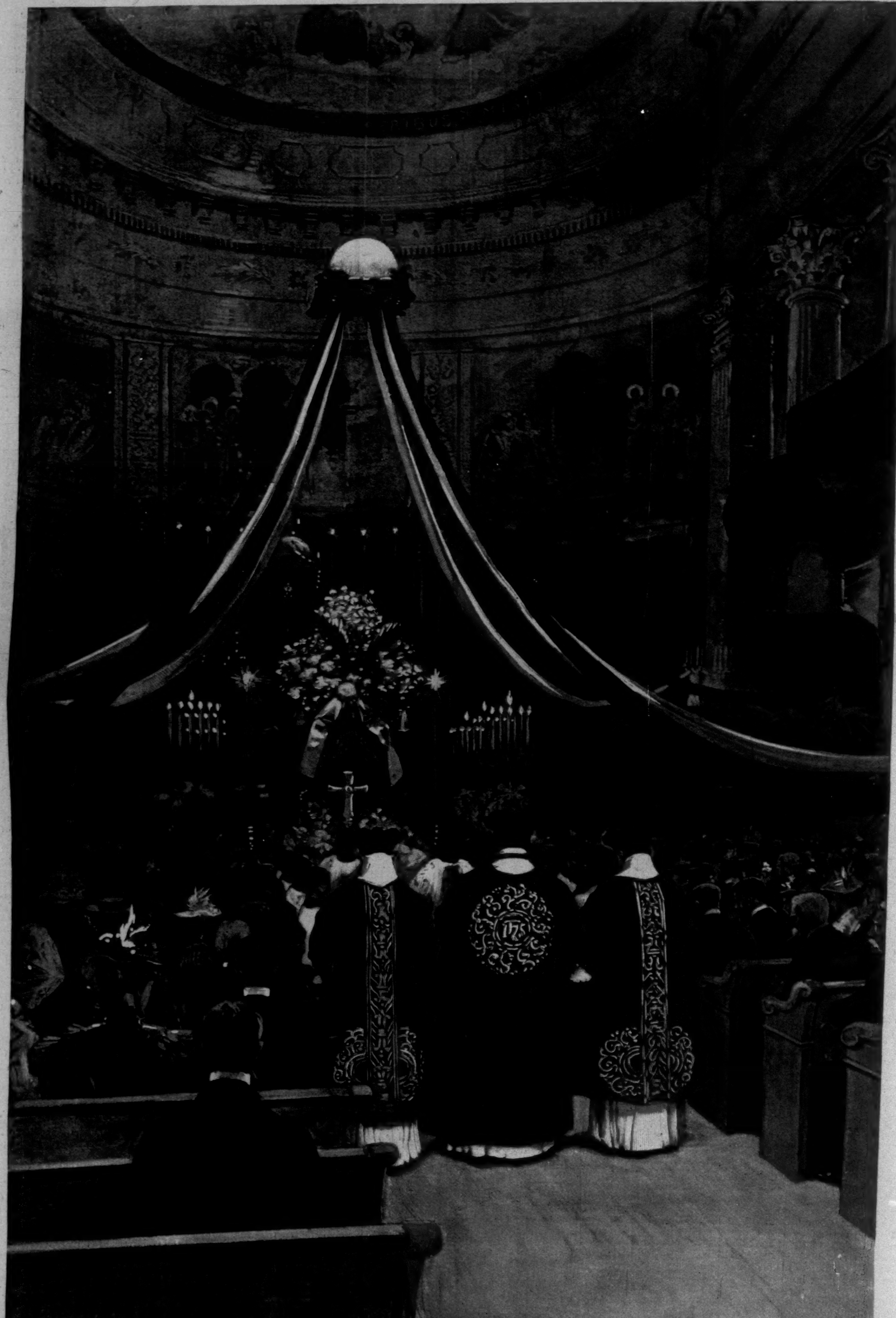
Justice Field was eighty years old last November, yet there is no reason to believe that he considers his strength as yet unequal to his day. His reverend father lived to be eighty-six; his elder brother, David Dudley, lived to see his ninetieth year; his brother Cyrus sunk under a weight of misfortune at seventy-three, and his brother Henry is still, at seventy-five, the vigorous editor of the *Evangelist*.

The reason given for the dissatisfaction of Baptists in Kentucky with Dr. Whitritt, the president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, is that he said in an article lately published in an encyclopædia that English Baptists practised sprinkling until 1641. This statement seems to conflict with the convictions of the standard Baptists of Kentucky as to the antiquity of immersion, the conflict being so earnest that the Baptist Associations of several counties have declined to recommend either moral or financial support of the Southern Seminary until Dr. Whitritt retires. But Dr. Whitritt is not a quitter. He says he will not resign, and as Baptists of an earlier date than 1641 are now very scarce, it may be difficult to prove that his statement was erroneous enough to warrant his removal.

Interest attaches to the case of Mr. John W. Bookwalter, of Springfield, Ohio, who is reported to have offered his local properties for sale, wiped the dust of Ohio off his feet, and, as the children say, "gone off mad." The story is that Mr. Bookwalter was displeased because a lawsuit growing out of an accident to a wayfarer who fell into a street opening was decided against him. He also ran for Governor on the Democratic ticket, and was beaten, and that may have helped to grieve him. Now, it seems, most of his considerable properties in Springfield are on the market, and he has gone to Europe *sine die*. Mr. Bookwalter will find much that is pleasing and instructive abroad, but he may search Europe up and down without finding a country so well situated to profit by the distribution of prize packages as the State of Ohio. It is reasonable enough for a Ohio man to feel disgruntled because he cannot have his own way, or get the office he tries for. But how is it in Europe? For the last forty years it has taxed the resources of the whole continent to afford comfortable thrones for the family of the King of Denmark. The pickings of Ohio are far richer than that.

It sounds odd to hear the *Sun* say, in speaking of a recent magazine article about the "Political Aspects of the Plague in India," that "the author is Professor of Sanscrit in Yale University, and is specially qualified to discuss the subject which he has selected." Is there not some basis for the impression that it is one of the planks in the *Sun's* platform of beliefs that the fact that a man is a college professor disqualifies him from intelligent discussion of the political aspects of anything?

E. S. Martin.

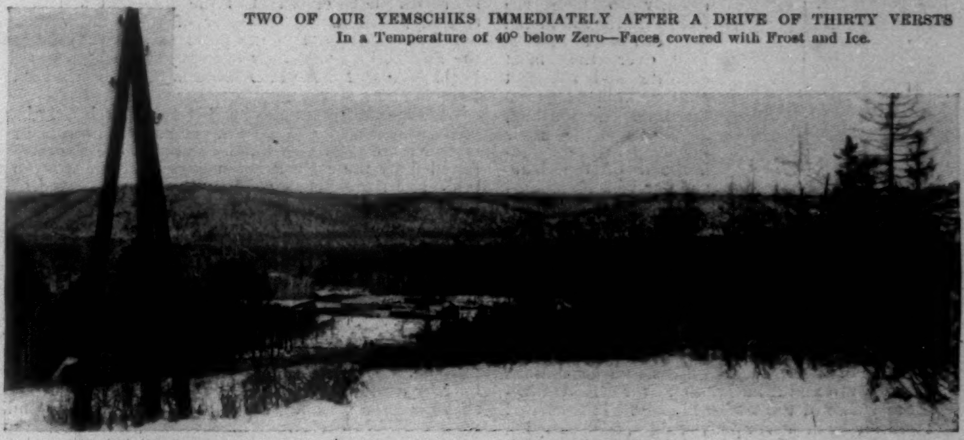


THE REQUIEM MASS FOR THE LATE SEÑOR CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO—SCENE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 18.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 863.]

THE "IMMERSION OF THE CROSS" IN THE ANGARA RIVER AT IRKUTSK.
A baptismal Ceremony of the Greek Church. The Cross-Font is made of Ice.

TWO OF OUR YEMSCHIKS IMMEDIATELY AFTER A DRIVE OF THIRTY VERSTS
In a Temperature of 40° below Zero—Faces covered with Frost and Ice.

MONASTERY OF VOSNESENSKAYA, NEAR IRKUTSK.



Tripod Telegraph Pole.

VIEW FROM A HILL OVERLOOKING A POST-STATION NEAR IRKUTSK.

THE BAZANOFF ORPHAN-ASYLUM, IRKUTSK.

RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, IRKUTSK.

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF IRKUTSK FROM THE SOUTH BANK OF THE ANGARA.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—LAKE BAIKAL TO EUROPE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA.

III.—LAKE BAIKAL TO EUROPE.

LAKE BAIKAL TO KRASNOYARSK.

THE popular and familiar idea of a journey across Siberia in winter is that of lonely travel over vast wastes of wind-swept snow and ice, its monotony only enlivened by pursuing packs of famished and ravenous wolves. Our experience certainly did not at all come up to this exciting reality, though it must be admitted that the country, as we approached Lake Baikal, gave the impression of being well suited for such experiences. The regular route, going either east or west, in winter, is to cross the lake on the ice somewhat to the south of the point at which it is joined by its great feeder the Selenga, and we had hoped to follow this route until we were warned that the experiment would not be safe, the ice not being considered firm enough at the time we reached its neighborhood. We had consequently to take the longer route round the southern end of the lake, over the most desolate and roughest country we had encountered on our journey. Fortunately the snow lay deep in the neighborhood of the lake, and our yemschiks vied with one another in racing their pony teams at full gallop down the slopes at a headlong speed which was exhilarating even if at first a little alarming.

A MONGOLIAN FALCON-TRAINER.

We saw nothing of the wolves, however. Indeed, we were in no want of safer company, for we had now got into the full tide of traffic, such as flows in a continuous stream both ways to and from Irkutsk over eastern Siberia during the whole of the winter months. It is carried on almost entirely by means of pony-sledges, each carrying about five hundred pounds weight of goods, and proceeding, apparently without halt or rest, in a long line across the snow. Each pony is fastened in each caravan by a rope to the back of the sledge before him, on which are placed a box of grain and a bundle of hay, that he may eat as he goes. Of course the little animals must rest from time to time, but the impression they give as you meet them by day or night tramping silently onwards through the snow in long unbroken files is that they go on forever. They are evidently entirely accustomed to the life, for they are but little troubled with the attentions of drivers. An attendant who nods drowsily on every sixth sledge has the apparently easy task of looking after them. There was something strange in the sensation of passing one of these caravans by moonlight when the long train looked ghostly and moved silently past, with not the sound of a footfall nor a sign of human life; only the low occasional tinkle of a bell on the "dougas," except when now and then a bundle of fur would move as we passed, and perhaps a face peer curiously at us from the shapeless heap. We were on the road continuously, and yet we

YEMSCHIKS.

hardly ever saw these trains at rest. At all hours of the day or night they seemed to be going, going, going onwards without rest, and yet the pace was brisk, and the little beasts looked strong and well. Of all the thousands of teams we passed on our journey we saw less than half a dozen dead ponies left by the way-side.

The merchandise exported to Siberia from Russia amounts, it is said, in a year to not less than 300,000 tons, and it is probable that little if any less finds its way across Siberia into Russia, as this includes nearly all the trade with China. Allowing that perhaps from a half to two-thirds of the export trade never goes beyond Irkutsk, some idea may be formed of the number of sledge-loads, at the rate of four to each ton, required to transport some 400,000 tons of goods, no inconsiderable part of it tea, over the snows of eastern Siberia.

The hilly country around the southern shore of Lake Baikal will present many engineering difficulties in the way of the great railroad whenever it is found necessary to make the line continuous. For the present it is not proposed to attempt this, and in the mean time it is intended to carry the trains on steam transports over the lake from the mouth of the Angara, or rather its point of outflow, on the western shore a few miles from Irkutsk to a point on the eastern shore where the land is tolerably favorable for railway construction. This will involve a crossing of about fifty miles, and as the lake is subject to violent storms, the problem may well prove a serious one. Sooner or later, no doubt, the necessity of undertaking the work of finding a way for the line through or over the mountainous country will force itself upon the Russian government, and it will doubtless be met with the dogged determination characteristic of the race and its rulers. The projected line of railroad through Manchuria, now arranged for with the Chinese government, diverges in a southeasterly direction from the line originally laid out to Chita and Stretensk, a little to the east of the point where it crosses the Selenga east of the lake, and will unquestionably, both in the character of the country through which it passes and in the point at which it will reach the Pacific, be a vast improvement, in addition to effecting a saving of some 1200 miles in the distance between Irkutsk and a seaport.

Irkutsk itself is unquestionably the most interesting as well as the largest and most important city in Siberia. It is now more than two hundred years since the city was founded by the early Russian conquerors of western Siberia, and there can be no doubt that they showed excellent judgment in the choice of a site. Situated on the Angara, only a few miles below its point of outflow from the great lake of the country which substantially marks the division between eastern and western Siberia, it practically commands the approaches to the upper waters of the two great rivers, the Yenisei through the Angara, and the Lena by an overland approach either direct from the city itself or from the western shore of Lake Baikal over an easy country. The lake itself has somewhat the proportions of an inland sea, being some four hundred miles long by a width of from thirty to fifty miles. It is true that the Lena, running far to the east and then bending west as it approaches the arctic circle, runs for the most part through a district almost unparalleled among inhabited countries for the severity of its climate and for the poverty of its soil. In the mean time its population is very limited, consisting mainly of nomadic aboriginal tribes of Mongolian origin who live chiefly by hunting and fishing. It has, however, of late years been discovered that considerable districts in the valley of the Lena are rich in minerals, both gold and other less valuable metals being present in considerable quantities, so that in spite of its unattractive climate it is more than possible there may yet be a considerable population in the country of which Yakutsk is the centre, the trade of which will always be likely to pass through Irkutsk. The great valley of the Yenisei, on the other hand, which in its southern parts at any rate is notoriously the most fertile district in Siberia, will always have a chief depot at Irkutsk, owing to the fact that the Angara is the largest and most navigable tributary of the great river. The agricultural population of the depression in the northern plateau through which the Yenisei and its tributaries flow is already very considerable, but there is no reason why it should not be very greatly increased within a few years, especially as the railway when it reaches Irkutsk will enable the immense supplies of wheat which it is capable of producing to be sent to the Russian market at a price which will yield at least the modest margin of profit which a Russian farmer esteems sufficient.

The city at present contains a population of fully fifty thousand souls, of whom, of course, a considerable percentage are either civil or military officials. At Irkutsk, for the first time on the journey westward, the traveller begins to see the western or European type of humanity showing itself in the ordinary population, which hitherto has been submerged under the Mongolian type of eastern Asia. There are, of course, still plenty of typical Asiatics to be seen everywhere, but the regular civilian citizens of Irkutsk are principally of European Slavonic race, and evidently related to the military who may be seen everywhere in the broad streets. There is no want of fine buildings in the chief capital of Siberia; indeed, either from a distance or upon a nearer view, Irkutsk is entitled to be considered a fine city, to which the popular name of "the Paris of Siberia" may be applied with some degree of justice. In the winter it is of course a city of snow, which may be regarded as its regular aspect for seven to eight months out of the twelve, but this hardly takes anything from the appearance of the place, and its wide thoroughfares form a brilliant spectacle of life and gayety with their dozens of handsome sleighs and dashing teams. There are many fine buildings, nearly all for public and official purposes, indeed, but this is a common feature in all great Russian towns, and the ample space generally allowed to each helps to give full effect to their architectural beauties. This element of ample space is a very marked feature of Irkutsk, and impresses an observer as having some connection with the vastness of the country itself. Such buildings as the residence or palace of the Governor-General, the cathedral, and some of the monasteries gain immensely by this freedom from the encroachment of near neighbors, and so add greatly to the beauty and dignity of the city.

As usual, much has been done for the military part of the population, and the number of officers of high rank who are to be found in Irkutsk at all times, either on business at headquarters or as part of the staff, helps largely to give the city its brilliant appearance, and to lend to its society that glitter which has perhaps had much to do with its Parisian reputation. As usual, our party met with every kindness and attention at the hands of official society, both military and civilian, and the few days we passed in the city were fully and pleasantly occupied in seeing all that could interest us as strangers or inform us on the subject of the railway works, in which we were specially interested.

We were now nearing the end of our posting journey, as we expected to reach Krasnoyarsk in four or five days from Irkutsk, and did, as a matter of fact, accomplish the 670 miles on the fifth day after leaving the city. We were now in a position to calculate both the time and expense involved in a winter trip across Siberia, and found that from Khabarovka to Krasnoyarsk, where we reached the completed railroad, we had travelled by sledge 2850 miles; we had stopped at 183 posting-stations to change horses, and from these stations we had obtained in all 1630 horses and 549 different yemschiks, or drivers. A troïka, or team of three horses, was the usual complement for each sledge, but sometimes, when the roads were good or horses scarce, two sufficed for each, and in the dry region of the Trans-Baikal, where the snow was thin, four, five, or even six were required. In this way we had

A BURIAT HUNTER.

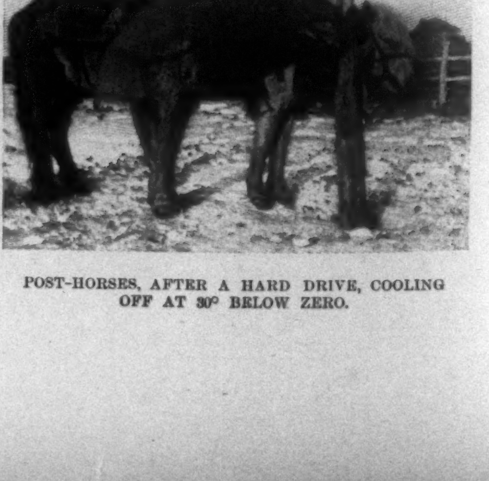
made an average of 114 miles a day throughout the trip, sometimes accomplishing as much as nearly 150, and at others dropping considerably below a hundred.

In the matter of expense, the following figures will show that winter travel in Siberia can hardly be said to be cheap at present. There were six persons in our party, making use of three sledges, and therefore greatly reducing the cost individually. The sledges cost 300 rubles, the hire of horses came to 1163 rubles, the fees to station-keepers, apart from horse hire, 164 rubles, and "drink-money" to the 549 yemschiks, at ten copecks each, about 55 rubles more. In all, therefore, the direct expenses of travel came to 1683 rubles, or $1262 nominally. In reality, however, the ruble was only worth about fifty-two cents at the time, reducing the actual cost to about thirty cents a mile, or five cents per mile for each person. Extra expenses for food, and expenses of our stay at the various towns at which we rested, no doubt added half as much again to the cost of the journey per head, thus bringing it up to something like eight cents a mile for each of the party.

FROM KRASNOYARSK TO EUROPE.

The conquerors of Siberia appear to have exercised a wise discretion in the sites they chose for the towns, which originally were little more than military posts of occupation in a hostile country. It is at least possible, however, that circumstances rather than deliberate choice determined some of these, as we find that they are in every case situated at the point where one or other of the great rivers of the country has to be crossed. Thus while Irkutsk stands on the bank of the Angara, Krasnoyarsk, the next city of importance, is built on the bank of the other great branch of the Yenisei, at a distance, in an almost straight line, of 670 miles to the west. There is little difference in the latitude of any of these cities of Siberia, from Tomsk, the most northerly, in the fifty-fourth parallel, to Irkutsk, in the fifty-second, all of them being in about the same parallel as Moscow, and several degrees south of St. Petersburg.

In our sledge journey to Krasnoyarsk from Irkutsk our



POST-HORSES, AFTER A HARD DRIVE, COOLING OFF AT 30° BELOW ZERO.

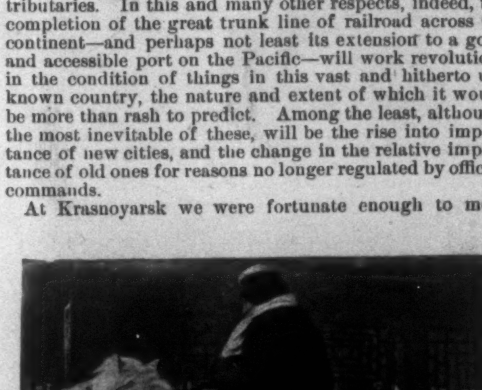
A GROUP OF COSSACKS.

course lay nearly northwest and through a country which we are assured will, within a comparatively few years after the completion of the great railroad, be the most prosperous and probably the most populous in Siberia. Our route lay across the depressions in the great Siberian plateau through which the various feeders of the river Yenisei find their way northward towards the Arctic Ocean. Of these, besides the great stream of the Angara at Irkutsk, we crossed no less than five before reaching Krasnoyarsk, each of which would in summer have been a serious barrier to progress, although in their frozen condition they caused no delay or trouble. They will, however, add considerably to the cost of maintenance as well as of original construction of the railway, owing to the risk of great floods when the spring thaw sets in each year, bringing down vast quantities of ice from the mountainous regions of the Altai range, in which it takes its rise. Our route lay across a series of broad low valleys, divided by low ridges of country. A very large part of it is covered with heavy forest at present, but even now there are considerable stretches of cultivated land which bears, it is said, unusually fine crops of wheat, and is capable of almost indefinite extension, nearly all the lowlands being of rich alluvial soil.

Up to the time of our visit, and indeed until the summer of last year, the railroad was only in operation for passenger traffic as far as Tomsk, on a branch of the river Obi, 364 miles to the west of Krasnoyarsk, but the line had been laid as far as the last-named town at the time of our visit, the last hundred miles, however, being laid entirely on the snow. This, indeed, is part of the policy of construction, and will no doubt answer its purpose, which is to take advantage of the winter season, when all the rivers and streams can be crossed without the bridge-works which on the whole of the enormous line form the one great problem of construction, so as to forward material for the construction, which is being pushed on from a number of different points at once. In this way trains were being run as far as Krasnoyarsk, though not one of the great tributaries of the Obi had been bridged, nor, indeed, had the great channels of the Obi and Irtish themselves, still farther to the west, although regular traffic for passengers and goods was being carried over those sections. Many of these bridges are no doubt completed by this time, and it was intended during 1897 to carry the line onwards from the Yenisei at Krasnoyarsk over the 670 miles to the Angara at Irkutsk.

Krasnoyarsk is neither so large nor so fine a city as Irkutsk, though except for the fact of the latter having been so long the acknowledged capital of Siberia and the chief seat of official expenditure, there does not appear to be any reason for its inferiority. Its position on the western bank of the direct stream of the Yenisei is a fine one, and its command of this great river, with its nearly seven hundred miles of advantage in the matter of land transport into Europe over Irkutsk, can hardly fail, after a few years, to make it the great depot for a large part of the rich valley country of the Yenisei and all its western tributaries. In this and many other respects, indeed, the completion of the great trunk line of railroad across the continent—and perhaps not least its extension to a good and accessible port on the Pacific—will work revolutions in the condition of things in this vast and hitherto unknown country, the nature and extent of which it would be more than rash to predict. Among the least, although the most inevitable of these, will be the rise into importance of new cities, and the change in the relative importance of old ones for reasons no longer regulated by official commands.

At Krasnoyarsk we were fortunate enough to meet



A MANCHURIAN HORSEMAN.

Prince Hilkoff, the Russian Minister of Ways and Communications, who had just arrived from St. Petersburg by a special train—the first that had made a continuous trip over the whole line up to this its farthest point of even temporary construction — and very gladly availed ourselves of his invitation to go back with him on his return. The prince's train was in all respects a great improvement upon the sledge accommodation we had enjoyed during our 2850 miles' ride from Khabarovka to Krasnoyarsk. It was thoroughly modern in construction, even to its equipment for Pintsch gas and an ample supply of hot-water pipes in each of the three vestibule cars of which it consisted. The minister's private car had two anterooms, a large saloon, and an observation-room in the rear, and was altogether a very grand and luxurious affair. The first-class passenger-coach which was given up to us was divided into six compartments, opening from an aisle which ran along one side of the car, and proved very comfortable, its cushioned seats forming good beds at night, and presenting an agreeable contrast to the limited sledge couches we had occupied so long.

The rest of our journey was something in the nature of a triumphal procession, as we enjoyed the full hospitality and some of the consideration that waits upon a great Russian official. East of Tomsk no provision had at that time been made for the refreshment of travellers, but as the guests of the minister we were, of course, independent of such conveniences, and fared sumptuously in the prince's saloon-car, which was equipped with everything from a cooking-outfit of the latest pattern to a French chef of excellent quality. To the west of the great river Obi the station buildings of all sorts are well advanced towards completion, and give promise of being complete in every way. The accommodation for travellers is especially good, the dining-rooms being as a rule large and lofty, and handsomely finished in hard-woods and plaster. The tables at these places were especially attractive in their brilliant display of plate, linen, and épergnes loaded with fruits, while the menus gave evidence of the most competent service in the culinary department. The general service, indeed, witnessed to the truth of the often repeated assertion that the higher classes in Russia, for whose benefit these places were evidently designed, are among the most luxurious people of modern Europe.

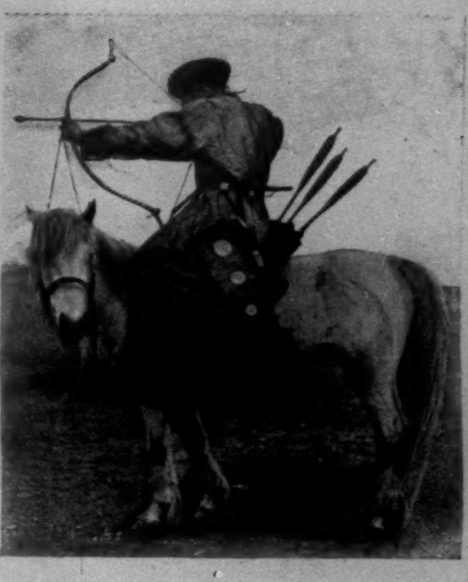
As Krasnoyarsk marks the centre of the last river depression of the Yenisei country, so Tomsk, situated nearly four hundred miles to the west, marks the central point of the country of the Obi proper, the Siberian river which carries the greatest volume of water to the northern ocean. Like all the great rivers of the country, it draws its headwaters from the great chain of the Altai Mountains, which, under various names, forms an almost continuous belt

PHOTOGRAPHING ON THE STEPPES OF SIBERIA AT 40° BELOW ZERO.

across the whole continent from Afghanistan to the Sea of Okhotsk in the northeast. It is certainly a majestic stream. The great bridge, the stability of which will form no inconsiderable problem for the engineers, was not yet erected, and our train crossed the broad river, as it had already done a good many of less imposing size, upon a roadway laid on the ice.

The journey from Tomsk on the Obi to Omsk on the Obi's great tributary, the Irtish, a distance of nearly five hundred miles, and thence over a succession of large tributaries of the Irtish, till at a distance of nearly six hundred more miles westward we reached Chelyabinsk, in the neighborhood of the Ural Mountains, was monotonous in the extreme. The vast district, it is true, is said to be at present the most populous and the most extensively cultivated in all Siberia, but as seen by us in passing it seemed to consist of interminable stretches of level prairie, covered with an unbroken mantle of spotless white extending everywhere to the horizon, and giving a peculiar effect of infinite distance and utter loneliness. A picturesque variation was now and then afforded by lines of forest, chiefly of the birch tribe, that served to break the monotonous expanse, but in no way decreased the impression of want of life, which was the prevailing one left on the mind. It is said that the population of the Russian Empire increases at the rate of a million and a half every year. There is room enough in the districts of Siberia that are at least as habitable as a large part of Russia in Europe to find homes for the surplus population for many a year to come.

As we approached the boundary of Europe, and began to ascend the long and gradual slope which marks the eastern side of the Ural range, villages recurred more and more frequently, their uniform array of low thatched roofs resembling huge white mushrooms in their winter covering of snow; windmills stood up gaunt and bare-looking on points of vantage, and the tall white spires and bright green domes of the churches made us feel that once more we were approaching the habitations of our species. Chelyabinsk is the station which marks the dividing-line between the European and Siberian railway systems, though the actual line of division between the continents is still another hundred miles to the west, at Zlatousk, on the low crest of the Urals. There are extensive workshops at Chelyabinsk, and on the side tracks long trains of cars loaded with railway materials of all sorts waiting to go forward. Among these we saw a



A MONGOLIAN ARCHER OF EASTERN SIBERIA.

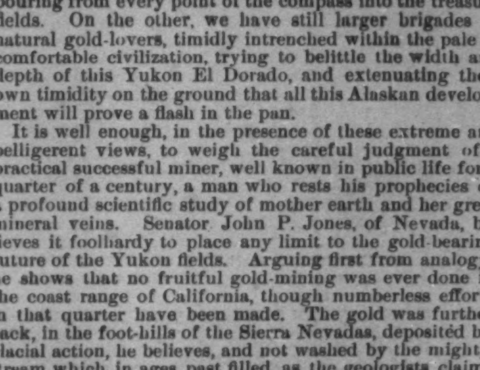
number of lately imported American engines, which seem to be in favor, as the minister's own train, in which we travelled, was drawn by one of these throughout the journey. Not long after leaving this station we came in sight of the rolling and thickly wooded hills which mark the ridge of the Ural range and the dividing-line of two continents. There is nothing impressive in its appearance; indeed the entire elevation of the range at the point where the railroad crosses is only some fifteen hundred feet, and the maximum grade on the Siberian slope does not exceed one per cent. We had thus crossed the largest of the continents at nearly its widest point, and from this point until we were safely landed in St. Petersburg we were on comparatively well-known ground. The route which we had followed for something like five thousand miles impressed us with the vastness of that yet undeveloped country which owns the sway of the Czar, while the great work, which will soon be completed to open it up to settlement, is evidently one which could only have been carried out by a government possessed of vast resources and entirely unaccustomed to find itself thwarted in anything it chose to undertake.

In the construction of the railway the higher branches of the service are filled by graduates from the Imperial institutes. The engineering department includes the "road-master," who receives from 250 to 300 rubles a month as salary. This officer has charge of from fifty to eighty miles of track, and of all the workmen on the section, whose pay runs from eight rubles a month for gatekeepers to forty for track-men. Inspectors, who fill much the same position as general superintendents with us, receive from 8000 to 16,000 rubles a year. Engine-drivers get 150 and firemen from seventy-five to eighty rubles per month.

THE DRAMA OF DEVELOPMENT.

Two conflicting elements enter into the new Klondike situation. On one hand we have brigades of unquenchable fortune-hunters, deaf to caution and blind to hardship, pouring from every point of the compass into the treasure fields. On the other, we have still larger brigades of natural gold-lovers, timidly intrenched within the pale of comfortable civilization, trying to belittle the width and depth of this Yukon El Dorado, and extenuating their own timidity on the ground that all this Alaskan development will prove a flash in the pan.

It is well enough, in the presence of these extreme and belligerent views, to weigh the careful judgment of a practical successful miner, well known in public life for a quarter of a century, a man who rests his prophecies on a profound scientific study of mother earth and her great mineral veins. Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, believes it foolhardy to place any limit to the gold-bearing future of the Yukon fields. Arguing first from analogy, he shows that no fruitful gold-mining was ever done in the coast range of California, though numberless efforts in that quarter have been made. The gold was further back, in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas, deposited by glacial action, he believes, and not washed by the mighty stream which in ages past filled, as the geologists claim, the ancient river-bed which traversed the range. Now many of the best-paying mines in Alaska, so far, have been found in the hills which skirt the coast, corresponding to the California Coast Range, so barren of golden fruit. If,



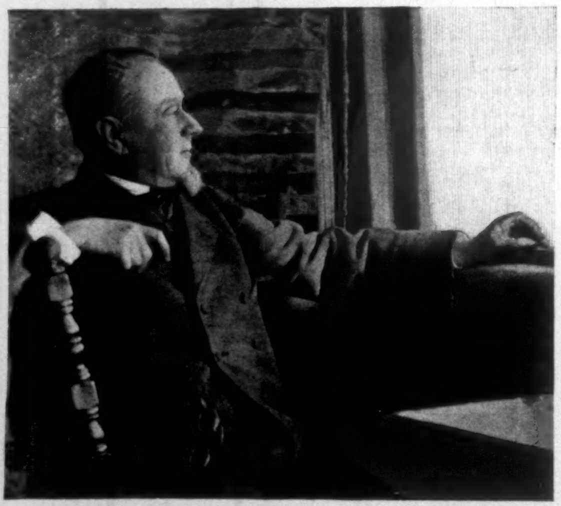
ETAPE, OR REST-HOUSE FOR CONVICTS, NEAR VERKHNEE OODINSK.

The Prince. Inspector of Railways.

PRINCE HILKOFF, MINISTER OF WAYS AND COMMUNICATIONS, *EN ROUTE* WITH HIS OFFICERS.

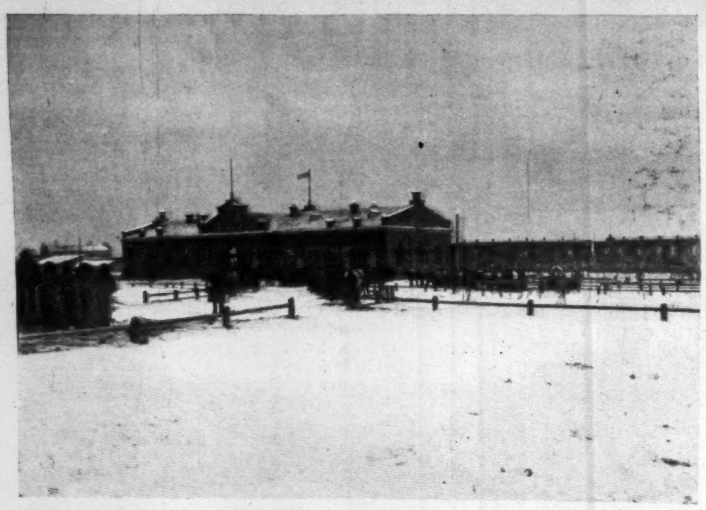
ONE OF THE OLDEST CHURCHES IN KRASNOYARSK.

A RAILWAY GUARD AT SAMARA, RUSSIA.

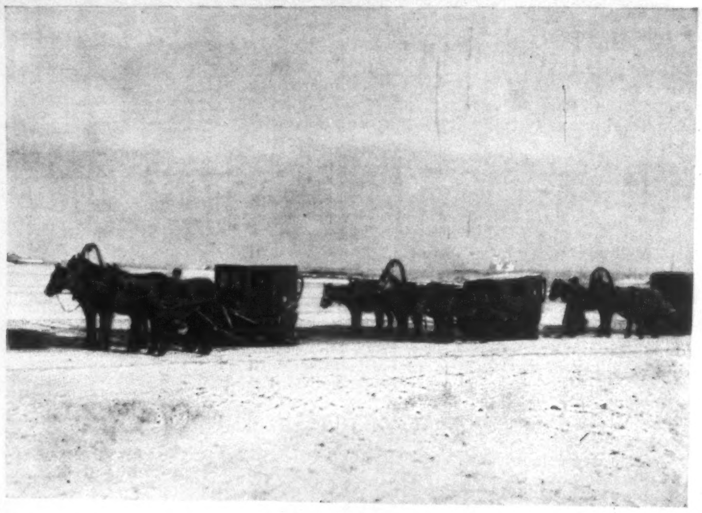


PRINCE HILKOFF IN OBSERVATION-ROOM OF PRIVATE CAR.

THE POLICE MASTER OF KRASNOYARSK.



CHELYABINSK RAILWAY STATION—JUNCTION OF THE RUSSIAN AND SIBERIAN LINES.

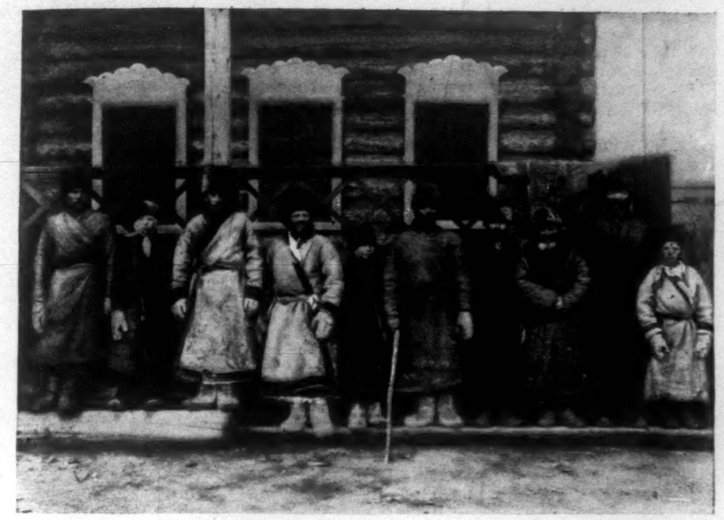


OUR SLEDGES, *EN ROUTE* ACROSS SIBERIA, APPROACHING KRASNOYARSK.

CONVICT PRISONS AT KRASNOYARSK.

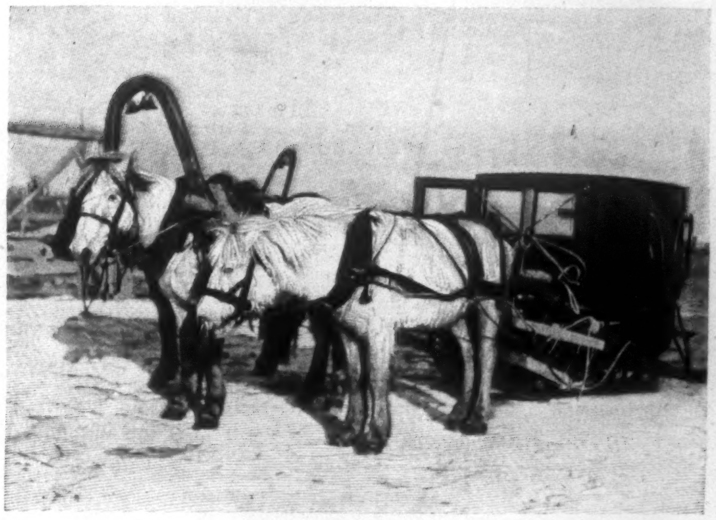
SPECIAL TRAIN OF PRINCE HILKOFF.
Crossing the River Obi on the Ice.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—LAKE BAIKAL TO EUROPE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.



GROUP OF COSSACK YEMSCHIKS.

LIEUTENANT A. H. KENIKE, A COSSACK, OFFICER IN THE TRANS-BAIKAL.
With the Horse he rode from St. Petersburg to Chita, 4300 Miles, in 154 Days, including 30 Days Lay-over for Rest *en route*.



PONIES WITH SLEDGE.

PASSING FREIGHT-SLEDGES.

TEA FROM CHINA *EN ROUTE* FOR RUSSIA.

MONGOLIAN CARTS.

A TARANTASS.

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

BY SLEDGE AND RAIL ACROSS SIBERIA—LAKE BAIKAL TO EUROPE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

then, the deposits of the interior Alaskan ranges are as much richer than those of the coast hills as they were in California, mathematics must abdicate in favor of golden dreams.

The Senator furthermore bases his prophecies of a mammoth yellow-metal harvest on the fact that gold deposits are always heavier where electrical disturbances increase in force, as they do as the pole is approached. So immeasurably vast is the Alaskan field, so incredibly equipped with all the gold-bearing requirements of nature and science, that he smiles at the croakers who decry the Yukon's future. One more factor enters into the Senator's yellow dream. He has a theory, which he modestly calls a fad, that Alaska's treasure-fields mark the junction of two mammoth mother lodes, one running northwest from Colorado in the Rockies, through Montana, Idaho, and British Columbia, while the other forms in the lower Sierra Nevadas and runs almost due north, through California, the Cascades of Oregon and Washington, and the British territory, till it joins its metal-hearted consort in the Yukon.

Nor is this all. The Senator, standing with flowing beard like the Welsh bard "o'er old Conway's foaming flood," makes a long and majestic sweep of his golden sceptre, spanning an arc from the Yukon to the undeveloped wealth of the Cascades in Washington. Five years ago he made the prophecy that the Comstock Lode and Virginia City would some day be duplicated in the Cascades. But when and how? Is the hour nearly ripe for enterprise to force the door to still another Aladdin chamber? Is all this wild Yukon uproar that echoes through the terraced hills of Seattle a sort of reveille drum to arouse the lethargic dwellers in that Cascade centre to a sense of the treasure lying unreaped at their thresholds? Is the money left by these Alaskan pilgrims in Seattle's lap to prove the electric spark that will quicken the pulse of her comatose enterprise? We shall see.

Seattle has furnished the stage for one of the most instructive municipal dramas ever enacted in the country. From 1880 to 1890 her population leaped from zero to 40,000; her property valuation, assessed, from $1,520,000 to nearly $27,000,000. These were the frontier barnstorming days of the boom. Hordes of graceless, irredeemable gamblers gathered there from every quarter to eat the flesh of land speculation to the bone. Town lots fifty feet below the waters of Puget Sound were marketed at boom figures in the East. Whole fortunes were planted in seductive village property, embellished with streets, schools, and churches, where only impenetrable virgin forests stand to this day. The town was at the mercy of these birds of prey, who sold its honest birthright. And with them came as abandoned a lot of female "follow-the-drums" as ever bivouacked with Alva's army in Flanders. It was a carnival of greed, dishonor, and shame.

And then the after-piece, inevitably tragic. The boom bubble burst. Eastern investors, robbed without conscience or mercy, blasted Seattle with curses, and consigned it to the black list of speculation forever. And, of course, the full blow of the blighting sequel fell, not on the graceless cormorants, who had fed and flown, but on the honest citizens who had gone to the new domain in good faith with their household gods. The vultures have been gone for seven years; a new, sturdy, honor-loving element has taken their place; but the curse pronounced on the city by Eastern capitalists seems indelibly branded on her brow. It blocks the avenues of development, cripples the march of industrial and mining progress, and has left the city and the marvellous region over which it reigns to work out their own slow salvation with fear and trembling and slim funds. Such is the legacy the boom vultures bequeathed.

And yet it seems un-American to blast a region richer in the varied forms of wealth than any other in the sisterhood because pirates once stole its livery "to serve the devil in." Within her 70,000 square miles of territory she holds unknown deposits of gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, and coal; timber tracts of inexhaustible resource; fertile valleys that outrival the famed Santa Clara Valley of California; salmon without limit; a climate from seven to fourteen degrees cooler in summer than New England's, and from thirty to forty degrees warmer in winter; scenic splendors unequalled on the globe, and the deepest inland body of water on earth.

Is it not reasonable to believe that Seattle and the Cascade land will be more than silent partners in this great Northwestern drama of development? S. P. Butler.

MUSIC NOTES.

English newspapers lately are specially kindly in their references to Theodora Dorré, an American mezzo-soprano, connected during several seasons with the Carl Rosa English Opera Company, and recently making considerable professional headway. Miss Dorré's dramatic fervor and her remarkable Carmen—one of the very best Carmens on any stage—are not new in New York. She sang here under the name—probably misprinted—of "Thea Dorri" when Mr. Oscar Hammerstein tried his ill-fated venture at "grand opera in English" at the Manhattan Opera-house, to-day a vaudeville theatre, edified expressly for it. Miss Dorré was severely handicapped at the time, but her individuality shone out quite brightly from her surroundings and a most heterogeneous company.

It would seem that Italy's most historic and still most important opera-house, La Scala, must be closed next winter. The annual subscription has been refused by the town. Milan is not any richer than other large Italian cities, whose wealthiest families must economize, and there is a collision between the owners of the boxes, with their right to free admissions, or cheap ones, and the management and municipal interests in the house.

Mr. Alexander Thayer, the venerable and distinguished biographist of Beethoven, on whose life he spent practically the whole of the last forty years, is dead—died last month, aged eighty. The Beethoven biography, requiring four large volumes, has not yet been published beyond its third instalment, and perhaps stands incomplete in the manuscript. It carries the story of the composer's life (including much matter quite unknown or indetermined except through Mr. Thayer) only as far as the year 1816, and Beethoven died in 1821. The work is at present procurable only in German. Mr. Thayer was scarcely able to write with any regularity on his great study during the last ten years of his life, owing to severe head trouble and other infirmities. He was a member of the New York *Tribune's* staff nearly half a century ago, and was still American consul at Trieste, Austria, when he died.

If New York is to have in good earnest an "Independent Theatre," perhaps it will have some influence on the production of the foreign drama, old or new, in which the musical element is a vital one. The repertory is extremely large as to such works, and the finest flowers of composerdom have scored what only by excess of deference to the spoken play can be called their incidental numbers. Daudet's *L'Arlésienne* is a good, if peculiarly dismal, example of the article in question; and in view of the failure of that play last spring to make the popular heart beat, the kind offices of an independent stage might be invoked on the like occasion with propriety. It is curious that Meyerbeer's fine incidental music—perhaps Meyerbeer's best score—to Jacob Beer's historical drama on Count Struensee has not had a hearing in this country, except when Dr. Hans von Bülow directed its brilliant overture at a final concert of his last tour. Probably, however, the conservatives on the possibility of an independent theatre's success will observe willingly that there will be enough other ways for it to decease without imitating the swan by dying in music. E. I. S.

THE WARLIKE SPIRIT.

According to a French proverb, "it is the unexpected that happens"; and, as nearly allied to this maxim, we may indulge the aphorism that what we most apprehend is the least to be feared. Especially is this true of the apprehension so frequently expressed of the revival of the martial spirit in the American people.

To speak of it as a "revival" is indeed a misapplication of the term, since there has been in the history of our country no marked manifestation of such a spirit, the nearest approach to it having been the state of feeling which prevailed in the South before the civil war, and which was naturally incidental to a peculiar social economy. With the possible exception of our conflict with Mexico, none of our great wars has been due to or in its course has tended to develop a warlike disposition in our people. Patriotism there has been, and the strong love of freedom which is our heritage; but the eagerness with which arms have been taken at the country's call is not more remarkable than the alacrity with which they have been laid down at the close of each contest. Our two wars with England were struggles for national independence, the second establishing the result only partially secured in the first; and the return to the quiet of peace after each only confirmed the principle contended for and so well expressed in the Massachusetts motto, *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*

Our war with Mexico had the appearance of a struggle for territorial expansion; but whatever the pretexts made for its justification, its beneficent result was evident in its promotion of quiet on our southwestern border. It was the extension not of an empire, but of a republic; it secured for us our Pacific slope and the most commanding harbor on the entire Pacific coast; and what the slave power gained by the acquisition of Texas was more than counterbalanced by the gain for the whole nation in the possession and development of California, which, more than anything else material, contributed to the final defeat of that power.

If the Mexican war helped sustain a martial mood in the Southern States, that mood was forever dispelled by the civil war; for in that conflict not only was the cavalier dismounted, but the horrors of war were in that section of our country so fully illustrated that the bravest of soldiers could not desire to see their like again.

It is true that our great military commanders have received at the hands of our people the highest civic honors—though even in this connection the failure of Scott and of McClellan to secure the Presidential office is significant—but our military Presidents have always counselled peace, and none of them has been possessed by dictatorial aspirations.

The warlike spirit proper—the love of fighting for its own sake or for a merely predatory object—exists only among uncivilized races; and even among these it is something far above the brutal thing it seems, so that out of it spring a rare nobility of sentiment and simple amenities and courtesies—the beginnings of that broad human sympathy which, though developed at first under the disguise of aversion, becomes finally the ground of social solidarity. Apart from this latent quality—this human interest which is lodged in all human strifes, and which distinguishes the warlike man from the predatory beast—the warlike spirit, pure and simple, would have no worth or meaning.

Eminence in civil administration never belonged to any race not already distinguished in military administration. The humanities of civilization grew out of the humanities of warfare. The spirit which pervades the Iliad is the dominant spirit of cultivated Hellas five centuries later; even the line separating the Greek cities that fought from those that abetted the Persian host is indicated in the list of cities mentioned in Homer's catalogue of the Greek forces against Troy as distinguished from those conspicuous by their absence. All the great epics of Europe—preeminently songs of war—derived their motives from precisely the features which to-day give, or ought to give, supreme interest to the Eastern Question.

Now what does all this mean, if not that human warfare has always been prompted by passionate interests far transcending the impulse to brutal violence? The spirit that prompted the Crusades was the same that built the great cathedrals. It was a noble passion burning with a white flame that refined men's souls.

It is true wisdom on our part to comprehend this military sacrament of ancient and mediæval heroism—the spiritual element in its enthusiasm, the consecration. To call it fanaticism is only another way of saying that it had in it the flame which burned on temple altars. Neither motive nor means was mercenary. As the people gave their work freely in cathedral building, so they gave themselves in the battles of their faith. It was always *in hoc signo.* All human culture is the refinement of that sacred flame.

What has become of this heroism? Is the glory of our human nature seen only in the retrospect? The conditions are changed, but human nature remains the same. Its fires are not gone out, though hidden beneath the hard crust of our modern civilization. The complex fabric of that commercial and industrial economy which has been woven like a net-work about us during the last half-century has fettered the old fanatic heroism in a necessary armistice, and we dread its release as we fear an earthquake. The nerve forces of Christendom are exhausted in the competitions of economic strife or dissipated in the relaxations of luxury.

This is no peace like that in which the world was held by the great Roman Empire—an empire rotten at its heart, and ready to break in pieces from its own weight, assisted in its ruin by the shock of barbarian invasion. Our Christendom is made up of vigorous and independent nations, in all of which, to a greater or less degree, the spirit of Christ and the leaven of democracy are working for great and worthy ends. It is not sustained in its temper and purpose by merely material considerations or by that hard formal moralism which fixes life in crystalline inflexibility and fragility, as was the fashion of ancient stoicism, but is vitalized by spiritual impulses that quicken and deepen human sympathies, marshalling them also—in battle array if need be—for the maintenance of every righteous cause.

In a merely superficial view, the materialistic phases of our civilization are more conspicuous than among un-Christian peoples. The old fanatic heroism to-day would seem to be confined within the limits of Islam. The Mahdi frenzy is possible only to nomadic tribes. Western nations have given hostages to peace. Their very armaments are primarily such hostages as truly as are their commerce and all the accumulated stabilities of their social economies. Not only is great wealth sensitively anxious for peace, but it holds in its grasp the means whereby alone modern warfare can be carried on.

The warlike spirit in our era is aroused with great difficulty, and when aroused is with still greater difficulty maintained. Even drafts and conscriptions are stubbornly resisted. Though the dangers of social revolution create solicitude, it is not easy to keep up an effective militia.

So dominant is the commercial spirit that we have reason to apprehend greater demoralization from its tense and passionate rivalries than from the possession of immense navies and standing armies; double-faced demoralization, preventing wars that for the highest reasons ought to be, and inciting others for merely material ends. The commercial and mercenary motives incidental to our civil war, and continued in operation for a whole generation thereafter, have done far more than the war itself to demoralize the American people. We would not wish to see revived the dynastic principle which formerly prompted colonization and territorial expansion, but it engaged nobler passions than does the mercenary motive which has to such an extent displaced it.

Civilization, like morality, has the defects of its own excellences; its diseases are peculiarly noxious and loathsome. The rapacity of greed goes hand in hand with an unwholesome pharisaism. Peace is too noble a goddess to receive the sacrifice of our virtues; and degraded thus she will become a Nemesis to her votaries.

There has never been a time when the nations of the world have presented so formidable an array of armies and navies. This, so far from indicating any warlike disposition on their part, is really the result of costly and strenuous efforts to maintain peace. The forced armistice is easily broken. It is not necessary to even the most destructive wars that there should be the old passion of fanatic heroism or any sublime purpose making the sacrifice worthy. It is far more likely that Germany may be embroiled in war with England for some petty cause than that both will unite to throttle the monster whose very existence is at once a menace and a disgrace to Christian Europe. While we Americans are congratulating ourselves upon a situation of isolation and immunity as compared with that of any European power, and though a really warlike spirit appears to be for us almost impossible—whatever efforts we make to arouse it—yet any day some reckless Congressional manifesto or some foolish traditional prejudice may precipitate war between us and Spain, or Japan, or England; and our inadequate preparedness for war is a constant temptation to such provocation on the part of these powers as may seem to justify the manifesto or to re-enforce the prejudice.

Our assurance of peace must lie, first of all, indeed, in our desire for peace, but, next to this, in our adequate armament, and our resolve to maintain a wise but firm and courageous national policy in our external relations, remembering always what is due from us to a militant Christendom.

The policy of arbitrating international disputes is wise and necessary, but it can never serve as a substitute for our manifest ability to maintain a just cause; and the things which lie directly in the line of a nation's proper destiny and responsibility are not subjects for arbitration.

The fact that the wars waged in Europe during even this enlightened century have, for the most part, when we consider their ostensible motives, been apparently contrary to the spirit of Christianity, should not weaken our faith in the effective working of that spirit or blind our eyes to the significance of the results of these wars as related to the general progress of mankind. The ambition of Napoleon aroused and organized European nationalities, even as to-day the Czar and Kaiser, however reactionary, or, rather, *because* they are reactionary, in their policies and in the strifes they promote, are developing and consolidating democracies. The peoples of Europe are being Christianized and emancipated, and they cherish the spirit of heroism which first made and which shall maintain Christendom—the transcendent heroism of the Gospel which proclaims that life is more than meat.

These considerations present themselves with new force in connection with Captain Mahan's article, "A Twentieth-Century Outlook," published in the September number of Harper's Magazine. The view presented by Captain Mahan lifts us above all vain and idle as well as all merely material pretexts in the conduct of our national policy, and discloses the grave responsibility which the American people cannot evade in connection with future conflicts growing out of an Eastern question of our own, already emergent, and fully as significant as that which has so long vexed the great powers of Europe.

H. M. A.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

YANNI got up from where he was lying, and came and sat in his father's chair. He was a big-made young Greek, rather above the average height, with a look of extreme fitness about him. His movements were all quick and decided, like the movements of some young animal, and he rolled himself a compact and uniform plug of tobacco for his chibouk with a few passes of his quick fingers. His hands, like his father's, were long and finely made, and Mitsos watched him nip off the loose ends of the tobacco admiringly.

"How quickly you did that!" he said. "Will you fill mine for me? I am so glad we are going together, cousin."

"I too. It is good to hunt in couples. It is a halving of the cold and the tiredness, and a doubling of all that is pleasant. This is Turkish tobacco, Mitsos, and it is better than ours. Have you ever smoked it?"

Mitsos started, and a flush spread under the brown of his cheek.

"Yes; the other day only. I found it very good. Tell me how we start to-morrow."

"Old clothes—very old clothes," said Yanni; "like peasants. Old mules, and very slow-going; but a pistol each—new pistols, with two mouths that make very quick going. Father is going to give us each one. On the mules a load of oranges and a couple of blankets each. Come to the other side of the house, cousin; we can see our first day's journey from there."

The village where they were stood high on the grassy slope leading up to the pine forests and the bare rocks of Taygetus. Sixteen miles to the north rose the spear-head of the range, Mount Elias, covered with snow for a couple of thousand feet down, cut out so vividly against the intense blue of the sky that it seemed almost *appliqué* to it. From Panitza their path lay for five or six miles along the slope, ascending gently all the way, and where it struck the ridge they could see the huddled roofs of a village, which Yanni said was Kalyvia, where they would deliver their first message. From there they would cross a path and go down the other side towards the sea. It was rough, cold going, and it would take all day to get down to Platza, where they would sleep. After that they would travel chiefly by night, and sleep when and where they could, avoiding, as far as possible, all villages but those where they were to bear their messages. "Oh, it will be very good!" said Yanni. Mitsos's thoughts ached back to the bay of Nauplia, but he agreed. Besides, he would go to Nauplia again soon.

It had been an immense relief to him that he was not going alone, though in that moment when Nicholas had told him the time was come he had made his self-surrender absolute, and would take upon him any task which might have been imposed. But the four days of travelling alone from Nauplia had been to him like a sick dream. He had set off at daybreak, and taking the same path by which Nicholas had come the evening before, he reached in an hour the little bay where he had fished, and sat down under the clump of rushes where he and Suleima had sat together, looking at the well-known places with the eyes of a dog that comes back to a deserted house which has once been its home. In the sand he could see the footprints of his own bare feet as he came up from the water, and close beside them the print of Suleima's little pointed shoes. They had overlooked two or three small fish, which were lying, still fresh and clean after the cool night, where they had emptied the creel to count their spoils, and by them was the end of a smoked-out plug of tobacco. The child within him cried out against his fate. Nothing in the world seemed of any consequence except the need of Suleima. Yet it was no less impossible to go back; even as he said to himself that he would return, he knew that Nicholas's gray questioning eyes were unfaceable. He was hedged in by impossibilities on every way. And then because there was something more than the child within him, some stuff out of which real men are made, he got up, and mounting again, went on his way.

All that day and the next days his heart-sickness rode him heavily, and it was but a heart-sick lad who trudged so bravely into Panitza. But to be among people again, and men who received him cousin fashion—for in those days the tie of blood was a strong reality—had an extraordinary sweetness in it, for he felt lonely and sick for home; above all, to know that for the present he would be with Yanni, a boy of his own age, who took for granted that they were going to have a very good time together, and only knew one side of things—and that the cheerful side—was surprisingly pleasant. Again, because he was beginning to be a man, the reliance placed in him made him feel strong and self-reliant, and because he was still a boy, the unknown, adventurous days in front of him were very tonic to the spirit. In fact, when they set out, early next morning, Petrobey, looking after them, said to Dimitri that Nicholas was a very wise man, and Mitsos whacked his mule gayly over the rump, and whistled the "Song of the Vine-diggers" with an open heart.

It was a morning to make the heart glad. There had been a slight frost during the night, and the rough grass in the ditches was sprinkled with the powdered cold. To the right the ground fell away steeply down to the outlying hills which bordered the plain. The plain itself was spread out between them, like a map, in patches of yellow-green where the corn was already springing, alternating with the stretches of good red earth, showing where the leafless vineyards stood. Beyond, again, lay the dim, dark blue of the sea, and across that, more guessed at than seen, the faint outlines of the hills on the other side. Their path, a cobbled Turkish road, ascended steadily, skirting round the edges of the deeper ravines, and making détours round the slopes which rose above them to the top of the mountain ridge. The mules ambled slowly along, with their panniers of oranges on each side, and Mitsos and Yanni walked behind, dressed in their roughest peasant clothes. It took them nearly three hours to reach the foot of the last slope, on which the village stood, and here they halted for half an hour to eat and drink, in order that they might pass straight through the village without waiting after giving the message.

Yanni, who knew the village, soon recognized the house to which they were going, which stood somewhat apart from the others, and had a low outlying building standing close to it. "That is the house," he said, "and that shed near is the mill. There is a big stream coming down from the mountains there, which turns the wheel."

"That is good. They will grind quickly, then. Shall we go on?"

The house in question, they found, was entered from a yard, the door of which was closed, and their knocking only seemed to rouse a dog inside to the pitch of fury. But at last a woman came out on the wooden balcony overlooking the street and asked them what they wanted.

"We want Nihetas," shouted Yanni. "Ah, do you not remember me?"

The woman took up a piece of wood, and threw it with force and precision at the dog inside. The barking was changed to howling, and Mitsos guessed that she had hit.

"Yanni Mavromichales, is it not?" asked the woman.

"Surely."

The woman disappeared into the house, and in a moment her step was heard across the yard. The dog had apparently recovered, and as soon as the door was opened flew out like a cork from a bottle, to find himself between the devil and the deep sea, his mistress standing on one side, and Mitsos's whip flirting out at him like the tongue of a snake on the other. So he scuffled away to a safe distance, and barked himself out of all shape.

"Come in, Yanni," said Nihetas's wife. "What brings you here?"

"A message from Petrobey to Nihetas."

The woman's eye travelled slowly up to Mitsos's face, as if she could only take him in a bit at a time. "And the giant?" she asked.

"My cousin. But we are in a hurry, as we go far to-day. Will you take us to Nihetas?"

"Surely; he is at the mill. You will find him there, and then come back and drink a glass of wine."

The stream that worked the mill was confined within a narrow masonry-laid bed for a hundred yards above the house, in order to concentrate its energy. From the end of the yard ran out a tall stone-built wall, on the top of which it was conducted to a wooden shoot, which played on the millwheel. The mill seemed to be in full working order, for a heavy booming came from within, which shook the rickety door on its hinges. The two tried the door, but found it locked, and it was not till Yanni had shouted his name that it was cautiously opened.

"Yanni Mavromichales?" said a voice from inside.

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"This only: Are you grinding corn?"

There was a pause, but the door was still held ajar only.

"Corn for the hungry or corn for the Turk?" asked the voice.

"Black corn for the Turk."

The door was opened, and a little wizened man appeared on the threshold. He had a white beard, close and pointed, and a pair of heavy eyebrows. His face was covered with minute wrinkles, as the sea is covered with ripples under a fresh wind, and two little eyes peered out suspiciously from under his overhanging brows. Mitsos was standing close to the door, and this grotesque little apparition, as he opened it, gave a squeal of dismay, and would have shut it again had not Yanni prevented him.

"Who is that?" asked the little man, pointing to Mitsos.

"My cousin," said Yanni, "who comes with me to see about the corn."

The little old man looked at Mitsos with the air of a nervous terrier smelling round a big dog; but as Mitsos did not snap, he seemed reassured.

"Come in, both of you," he said, shortly.

Inside, the noise of the mill was almost deafening; but Nihetas disconnected the wheel, the two stones stopped grinding, and only the water plashed hissing down the channel.

"Black corn, did you say—black corn for the Turk?" said Nihetas, peering into Yanni's face in an odd, short-sighted manner. "I grind corn all day, for there will be many hungry mouths. Look you, I am no fighting-man; I leave that to those who are as tall as a church pillar, like this cousin of yours. But the fighters could not do without me. But, oh, lad, don't let the women folk know, else I shall have them all a-screaming round me like the east wind in the mountains." He rubbed his hands together, and broke out into a silent wide-mouthed laugh, which showed a row of discolored, irregular teeth. "Look here," he said, opening a bin behind the door; "is not this good strong corn? I have ground it all myself." His face took an expression of diabolical cunning. "They have promised to buy it of me, all at a good price," he said; "but I do not care so much for that. I only want it to do its work well, and feed the Turks. This is good business for me. I will be a rich man, and I shall have brought death to many." He slipped back to the lever that brought the wheel under the stream, and the stones began to turn again, and from their lips dribbled out a black powder, which he scooped up in a wooden ladle and emptied into a cask. Then seeing that the door was still open, he gave another shrill animal howl of fright, and quickly locked it. "Charcoal," he shouted to them across the rumbling din of the stones; "ground fine, for so it is the stronger. And here is the sulphur and saltpetre. To-night I shall mix them carefully, oh, so carefully, and think that there will be a death for every stroke in the mixing." And then he slipped back to the stones, and fed them with fresh lumps of charcoal.

Mitsos and Yanni were in a hurry to get on, and so they left him after a few minutes, and heard the key grate in the lock as soon as they got outside.

From Kalyvia their road went across the ridge of the mountain, and from there descended rapidly almost due west down to the plain which lies along the bay of Kalamata. They got to Platza, where they were to sleep that night, an hour before dark, and for the sake of appearances drove their mules to the market-place and sold a few oranges. The khan where they put up consisted of two rooms—one occupied by the owner and his family, the other being the café of the village. They sat up smoking and talking till it emptied, then made themselves beds of their blankets and saddle-bags. The villagers were inclined to be rather inquisitive, but Mitsos told them that they had come from Sparta with oranges, and were going home to Tsimova—an entirely false but possible explanation of their presence—and with that the village had to be content.

They descended next day on to the coast and into the warm, fresh air of the winter months in the Greek lowlands, and Mitsos swore that only the direst pinch of cold would drive him again into dirty khans while there were trees to sleep under and good grass beds to lie upon. If, in their character of orange-sellers, peasants' rooms untenanted by the grosser vermin were supposed to be out of keeping, he would have no room at all. Yanni acquiesced, and the point was carried. Mid-day brought them to Prastion, where they had a message to give. They had no trouble in finding the recipient, for he was the mayor of the village, and he was in his vineyard hoeing vines. Yanni waited with the mules in the street while Mitsos went to look for him. He looked up as Mitsos came striding towards him across the hollowed vine-beds.

"You are Zaravenos?" asked the boy.

He assented slowly and reluctantly, as if he would sooner have been some one else.

"Are you grinding corn?"

The man put down his mattock, and looked round suddenly and quickly to see that there was no one within hearing.

"Yes, yes," he said; "which do you mean, corn for the hungry or corn for the Turk?"

"Black corn for the Turk."

"Praise the Virgin! but has the time come? Tell me who sent you. Was it Nicholas, whom I know well?"

Mitsos thought of Petrobey's injunctions.

"I do not know who you mean," he said. "But this I have to tell you: if you have not begun, begin, and grind quickly. That is all."

The man looked at him again.

"Surely you are Mitsos," he said. "Nicholas told me about a mountain of a Mitsos, whom perhaps he would send to us. Why do you not tell me? I have no better friend than Nicholas. He was here a month ago. Where is he now? Is he safe?"

But Mitsos shook his head. "I do not know who you mean," he said, and left him.

For six days the two went on, travelling in a northerly direction, sometimes keeping close to the coast, sometimes visiting strange gaunt little villages perched high on the sides of Taygetus. They travelled a good deal at night, trying, if possible, to come within a mile or two of the village where they were going by daybreak. They would then turn off into some wood, or, if they were close to the coast, down on to the beach, and after tethering and feeding their mules, would breakfast and sleep until mid-day, when they would push on to the village, deliver their message, and pass on. Sometimes it would be received eagerly, and the news would spread at once that the time for which they were waiting had come; sometimes, if there were Turks about, it would be received and answered in a cautious manner; and once the man to whom they had been told to give it shook his head and said he knew nothing of it. This was distinctly an occasion where running away was necessary, and they lost no time about it.

They reached Kalamata on the seventh day—little did Mitsos think how or when he would see it again—and after spending two nights there; for they had been intrusted not only to give messages to three leading Greeks, but also to inquire about the Turkish garrison, and see whether the report which had reached Petrobey, that the fortifications there, as well as at Tripoli, were being repaired—took a boat down the coast to Tsimova, from where they were to work southwards through Maina, cross the lower end of Taygetus, and come back to Panitza on the east of the range; and it was here that adventure met them red-handed.

They had now been twelve days from home, and Yanni remarked discontentedly that there were only four days more. He had never enjoyed himself more thoroughly than during these days with Mitsos, with whom, in a healthy, boyish manner, he had fallen completely in love. Mitsos never lost his temper, but maintained a large serenity under the most trying conditions—as, for instance, when they lost one of the mules during their morning sleep, the day before they were crossing Taygetus, and had to hunt for it high and low in a blinding snow blizzard, and came back to find that the other mule had taken the opportunity to roll in some prickly bushes while they were away, covering their blankets with innumerable thorns. Mitsos, too, had quite regained his normal cheerfulness at the thought of going to Nauplia again soon. Indeed, he had confided to Yanni his interrupted love-story, which raised him in his cousin's eyes to hero rank. Besides, he was big and strong and altogether splendid.

Mitsos had just awakened Yanni on this particular morning, remarking that it was after mid-day, and they had a long tramp before them that afternoon. Nymphia, the village to which they were going, lay below them on the plain, a mile or two distant. But Yanni refused to go before he had had some more to eat, so they fished out some bread and meat from the saddle-bags and made a meal. They were sitting some thirty yards from the road, which was bordered on each side by a pine wood, when they heard the steps of a mule on the path, and Yanni got up to see if either of theirs had slipped its tether and was preparing to give them another hunt. But it proved

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"YANNI WAS STRUGGLING IN THE GRASP OF TWO MEN—THE GREEK AND THE TURK."

to be only a Turkish soldier riding down in the direction of the village where they were going. He asked Yanni what he was doing there; and Yanni, who had a wholesome dislike of all Turks, very rudely replied, "Breakfasting, pig," and went back to Mitsos, and thought no more about it.

The soldier rode quickly on through the village, and turned into a house that lay some half-mile below. He found no one there, and tying his horse up, went down across a couple of fields to a low huddled building, beside which stood a mill wall. He knocked at the door, and was admitted at once.

"Krinos," he said to the man who opened it, "I passed a boy on the road through the wood, who, I am sure is the same as I saw yesterday at Kyta and the day before at Akia, only before there were two of them. It is worth while waiting to see if he comes here."

"But if there are two of them," said Krinos, "there are only two of us."

"Nonsense! admit only one; and this is a boy, and we are men. Besides, there is no time to send to the village; and whom should we find there? They are all Greek of the Greeks. And the boy may be here in a few minutes. Remember, he is not to be killed—yet. He has to speak first."

"If it is a Mavromichales, he will never speak," said Krinos.

"That remains to be seen. I will stand behind the door and seize him as he enters, and if there are two of them, lock the door behind the first."

Now from Pigadia, where the boys had delivered the message to a man who said he knew nothing about it, they had been quite right to run away as quickly as they could. The Turks had set spies all over the country since the rumors of an approaching outbreak had reached them, who were instructed to affect sympathy and co-operation with the revolutionists, and give information at headquarters of all they could learn. The day after Mitsos and Yanni had left Pigadia, still going northwards towards Kalamata, this spy had had occasion to make a journey southwards. At Tsimova he had inquired whether the boys had been seen. Hearing they had not, for they were then at Kalamata, he gave information to the Turkish magistrate, and went on his way. At Nymphia he visited Krinos, who was also in Turkish pay, and told him to extract any information he could if they came his way. From there he had taken ship and gone on to Gythium, which was out of the boys' route.

The magistrate at Tsimova, with characteristic Turkish indolence, having got hold of a clew, did not put himself out of the way to follow it up. He let the soldiers know that there would be a reward given to any of them who apprehended either of the boys if they turned out to be concerned in the work of the revolution; and one of them—the same who had seen Yanni on the path—being anxious that no other should bite at his cherry, obtained leave of absence, and went a-hunting alone. He had seen him on the two previous days at Kyta and Akia, and thought it worth while to follow him on to Nymphia, where, as he knew, there was a Greek whom his countrymen supposed to be a revolutionist, but who was really in Turkish pay. So the soldier hid behind the door, and Krinos went on grinding powder, which he eventually was to sell not to the Greeks, but to the Turks. The trap was neatly laid, and promised success.

His mill was an old-fashioned one, consisting not of two stones, but of one, which was hung with its axle horizontal to the floor, so that it looked like a stone roller. Underneath it ran a long tray which could be pulled in and out, and which was now filled with charcoal. The tray could be withdrawn to empty or to fill, and he had just withdrawn it—for the charcoal was ground sufficiently small—when the interruption which they had been waiting for came. He had not time to put it back, and the stone remained revolving about eight inches from the ground.

Meanwhile Yanni and Mitsos went cheerily down the hill-side into the village, where Yanni met a cousin, who grinned, and queried, "Black corn?" Yanni looked so important and mysterious at this that Mitsos burst out laughing, and they all three stood in the road and laughed together, for no reason except that they were all in good spirits. Yanni went so far as to explain that they were in a hurry, and having inquired where Krinos's house was, they passed out through the village.

Just below Krinos's house the ground sloped sharply away, so that from the door only the roof of his mill could be seen. This was important, because it prevented Krinos, who was peering out of the door to see whether there were two of them, from seeing either of them till they began to descend towards the mill. Mitsos stopped at the door, then knocked, then shouted, but there was no one in. Yanni followed him, and in the court-yard saw the Turk's horse tied up. Mitsos had given up the attempt to make any one hear, and he said to Yanni:

"He's not in. What are we to do?"

Yanni scratched his head thoughtfully.

"There's another building further down which looks like a mill," he said. "We will go there. But wait a minute, cousin; there is a thought in my head."

"Well?" asked Mitsos.

"Do you remember, when we were breakfasting, we heard a horse on the path, and I went to see if it was either of our mules? It wasn't, but it was a Turkish soldier, and that was the horse, I am pretty sure."

Mitsos's eyes brightened.

"Let us think a moment," he said. "What do you make of it?"

Yanni put his head on one side like an intelligent but puzzled collie-dog.

"It is a nice horse," he said, "and that is why I noticed it. It would be rather amusing if— I can hear the mill going—Krinos will be there, and I shouldn't at all wonder if the Turk was there too."

Mitsos smiled serenely.

"It is a little trap," he said. "Very pretty. What shall we do? What a devil Krinos must be!"

"It isn't certain," said Yanni; "but we'll make sure. This is the way: The Turk only saw me. Therefore I will go down there alone. I wonder if there are any windows this side. Wait a minute; I will look."

Yanni stole out to the edge of the hill, and keeping behind a bush, reconnoitred.

Krinos was standing at the door, and even as Yanni looked a head wearing a red fez popped out and back again, and Yanni crept back with suppressed excitement in his eyes.

"They are both there," he said; "two of them and two of us. Oh, Mitsos, this is very good! You see, we must go to deliver our message, otherwise we had better run away now; but there is the message to deliver, and that is the first order. This is what I will do. Tie up your mule here, and get behind that bush. Then I will walk down to the mill with my mule, and I expect when Krinos sees me he will go back into the mill and wait. If he does, run down ever so quickly and quietly—there are no windows this side—and hide behind the corner of the house. Then I will come and knock at the door, and I expect that when I give the message Krinos will let me in, and if you hear me shout, in with you. There will be no running away."

"It won't do," said Mitsos; "there will be two of them. They may kill you before I can get in."

"Oh dear, big fool," whispered Yanni, excitedly, "this is no time for talk! They will not want to kill me. What good would that do? They will take me to the Turks."

"You are right. Come on."

Mitsos crept to his post behind the bush after tethering his mule well out of sight, and Yanni went unconcernedly down the hill-side. As he had expected, as soon as Krinos saw him he strolled back into the mill and shut the door. Yanni waited a moment and beckoned to Mitsos, who strode noiselessly down and stood behind the corner of the wall, while Yanni came slowly on and reached the mill and tapped at the door. A voice from inside answered him—"Who's there?"

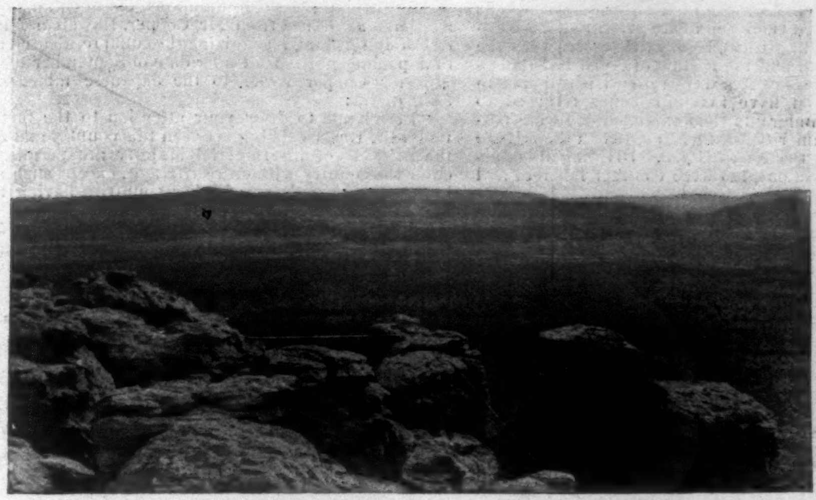
"It matters not," said Yanni. "Are you grinding corn?"

"Corn for the hungry or corn for the Turk."

"Black corn for the Turk."

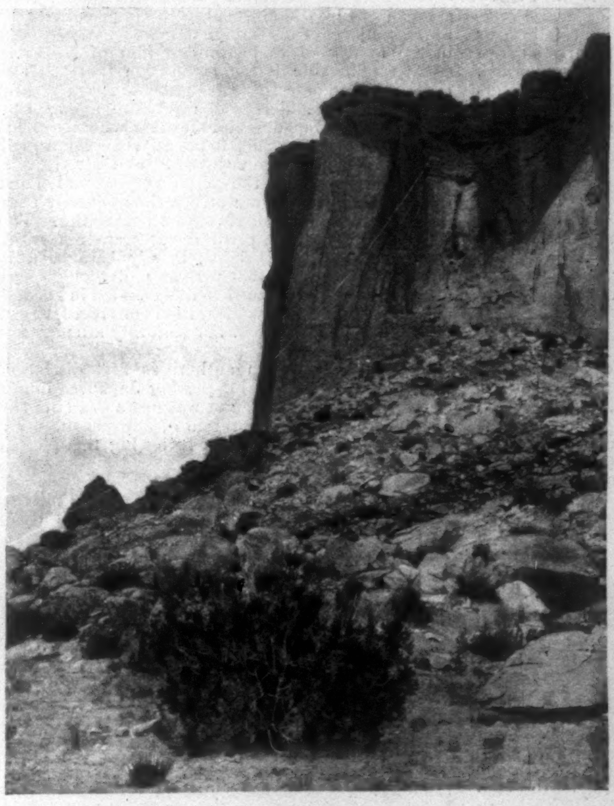
The door was thrown open and Yanni entered. The moment after it was flung to again, and a half-muffled shout came from inside. Mitsos sprang out, threw himself against the door, and went reeling in.

Yanni was struggling in the grasp of two men—the Greek and the Turk—and Mitsos, without losing a moment, flung himself on to Krinos, who was nearest him, and dragged him off, half throttling him. Krinos dropped his hold on Yanni, and turned round to grapple with his new assailant, whom, to his dismay, he saw towering half a head above him. At that moment all Mitsos's cheerfulness and good spirits were transformed into one white anger at the treachery of the man, and tightening his hold, he fought for his life. Mitsos's extra four inches were counterbalanced by Krinos's extra ten years of hardened bone and knitted muscle, and for the first few moments they toppled wildly about, and either might have won the fall. But then Mitsos's height began to tell; he heard the cracking of some bone in its joint, and knew it came not from him. Then for a moment he felt his adversary's right arm slacken, and knew that his hand was fumbling at his belt, whether for a knife or pistol he could not tell. His own pistol was in his belt, but tumbling, as he had, headlong into the middle of the fight, he had forgotten to take it out. But he knew what that fumbling at the belt meant, and throwing all his force into one effort, he lifted his opponent off his feet and threw him down. Krinos's left hand, with which alone he was holding Mitsos, lost its grasp, and the man went over head and heels backwards; and Mitsos, by the force of his own throw, fell for-

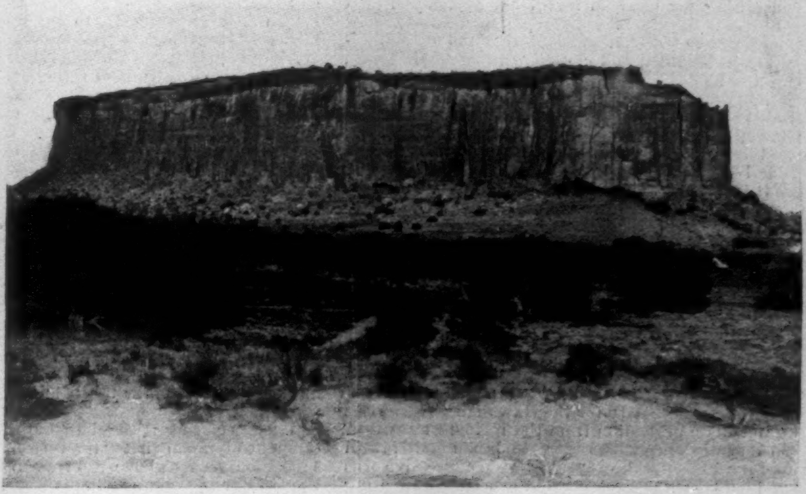


VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE MESA—ACOMA IN THE DISTANCE.

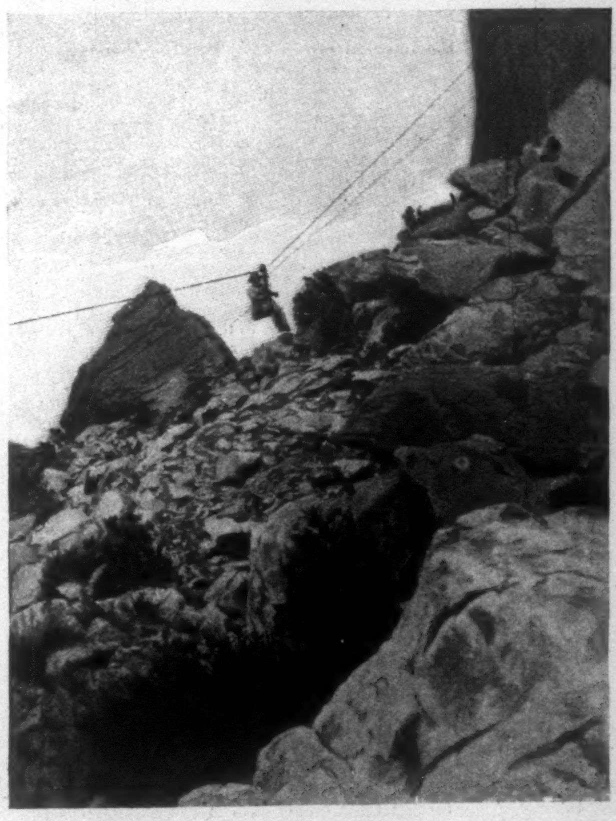
CANNON READY TO SHOOT THE FIRST LINE OVER THE MESA.



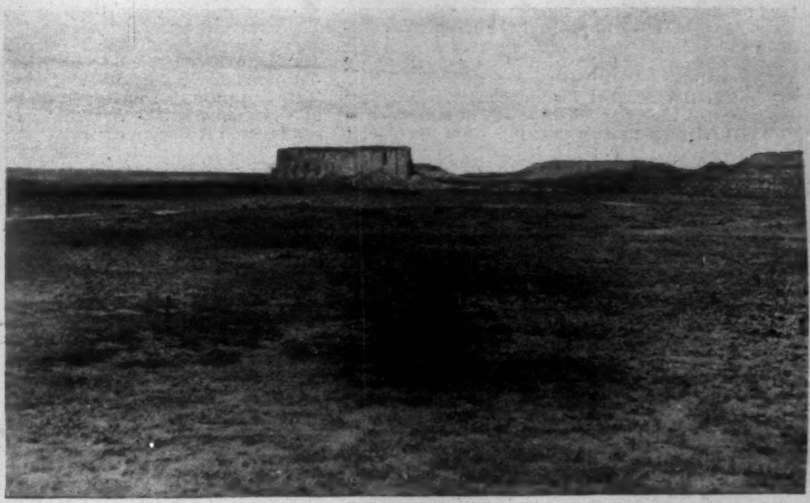
SOUTH POINT OF THE MESA, SHOWING THE ROPE USED BY PROFESSOR LIBBEY IN POSITION.



EAST FACE OF THE MESA.



ASCENDING IN THE BOATSWAIN'S CHAIR.



THE MESA ENCANTADA, FROM A POINT THREE MILES DISTANT.

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MESA.

PROFESSOR LIBBEY'S ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE MESA ENCANTADA (ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN), NEW MEXICO.—[SEE PAGE 862.]

wards half across him. Just in front of him the millstone was turning slowly and relentlessly, and for a moment he thought his own head was going to strike it, but he fell free. Not so the other. There was a moment's cessation of the noise, then a hoarse cry of agony, a horrid crack, and the stones began to turn again. Krinos's head had fallen right beneath it, and it was cracked as a nut is cracked in a hinge.

Without waiting a moment, Mitsos picked himself up, and turned round just as Yanni and the Turk, who were still struggling together, fell, the Turk uppermost. Mitsos saw him reach his hand to the butt of his pistol and draw it, keeping his knee on Yanni while he cocked it with the other hand. In a moment Mitsos had done the same, and the two reports were almost simultaneous. Just above Yanni's head there appeared on the wooden floor a raking furrow, as if some wild beast's claw had struck and torn it, but the Turk fell back, shot through the head.

The smoke cleared away, and Mitsos pulled Yanni from under the Turk. He lay quite still, and the edge of his black curls was singed and burned. Mitsos propped him up against the wall, and ran to get water from the mill-stream outside. When he came back Yanni's eyes were open, and he was looking about in a dazed, confused way. Mitsos made him drink some, and bathed his face in it, and Yanni looked up and smiled at him.

"Did I not say it would be very good?" he murmured. "Oh, Mitsos, the black devils!" He sat up and looked round, and pointed at the dead body of the Turk.

"I think I was stunned by the fall. I remember falling, and hitting my head an awful bang. So you shot him. Where is the other?"

He staggered to his feet, and looked round at the mill-stone. It was streaked and clotted with something dark and oily, and its edges dripped with the same. The man's fingers, though he had been dead two minutes at the least, still opened and shut, like sea-weed under the suck of the ebb-tide, and the nails scratched impotently on the rough splintered floor.

"We fell—he fell there," said Mitsos. "Come outside, Yanni. It is not good to stop here. Here, let me put my arm round you; you are unsteady yet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPAN'S GRIEVANCE AGAINST HAWAII.

COUNT OKUMA'S OFFICIAL PRESENTATION.

The assertion has been made repeatedly, in support of the annexation of Hawaii, that prior to June 16, when the annexation treaty was sent to the Senate, the attitude of the Japanese government towards Hawaii was so menacing as to make it necessary for the Hawaiian government to seek immediate protection from the United States.

The history of the relations between Japan and Hawaii prior to June 16 shows, however, that the aggressive was taken not by Japan, but by Hawaii, in a sudden closing of Hawaiian ports against Japanese immigrants. In his instructions of June 9, 1897, to Mr. H. Shimamura, Japanese Minister to Hawaii, Count Okuma, Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, writing for the eye of the Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has given a statement of the attitude of Japan which will probably be accepted as conclusive on this point.

In these instructions and the documents accompanying them, Count Okuma reviews the controversy which is now used to explain the demand for annexation, and, after doing so, he states the position of Japan in a manner so temperate and friendly that an examination of the official record, as he has made it, is the best answer to assertions that Japan had assumed a warlike attitude.

An examination of the documentary evidence presented on the side of Hawaii itself shows that such assertions as this are the result of after-thought. On May 5 last the "Sons of the American Revolution" and other "patriotic societies" at Honolulu adopted resolutions setting forth their theories of the justification for immediate annexation, emphasizing them with the assertion that "Japan is quietly pouring in her people for the purpose of making a peaceful conquest of the islands—which is a perfectly legitimate ambition."

While this, standing as it does for the extreme accusation made against Japan prior to the signing of the annexation treaty, disposes of the charge that the Japanese immigrants were an army of occupation, it is intended to create the impression of an officially forced immigration. There is nothing to sustain such a charge in the statistics of the Japanese population of Hawaii. It is placed at 24,563 for 1896, while during the period of disturbance following the first attempt at annexation there were 21,048 Japanese residents in the islands. This increase is certainly not great enough to warrant the charge of a conspiracy on the part of Japanese officials to occupy the islands. The increase in their Japanese population, as shown by the best obtainable statistics, was more than 400 per cent. between 1887 and 1892, while between 1892 and 1896 it is placed at less than 25 per cent.

The Japanese population shows its first considerable increase in 1889, when it almost doubles the population of 1887, and almost triples that of 1886. The truth seems to be that until very recently Japanese immigration has been assiduously promoted by the Hawaiian planters themselves, importing labor under the contract system. It is under laws ostensibly adopted to check the abuse of the contract system that action was taken against Japan. It is interesting to recall in this connection an unofficial statement, credited to a member of the Hawaiian government and published not long ago, in which it was urged as an objection to further Japanese immigration that when imported as contract laborers they would not keep their contracts, but would leave the fields to become clerks, bookkeepers, and mechanics. It was said that they would make and sell at retail for $1 a shoe as good as the American shoes sold in the shops for $3. Another and seemingly a still more serious objection was that so-called Japanese laborers were often educated men, speaking English or German and Chinese as well as Japanese, and as a result of these accomplishments competing for mercantile places with white Americans, who were at a disadvantage as a result of being able to speak only one language.

At this point Count Okuma may be allowed to present officially the facts of the action of the Hawaiian authorities as they appeared to him. In a letter of instructions, dated June 9, 1897, and written to Minister Shimamura at Honolulu (and which is now and here given to the American public for the first time), he says that "between the beginning of March and the middle of April last no less than 1199 Japanese subjects were refused permission to land in Hawaii, and have in consequence returned to Japan. Of the immigrants thus excluded 480 were passengers on the steamer *Shinshin Maru*, 163 on the *Sakura Maru*, and 556 on the *Kinai Maru*. Dividing these according to qualifications, 146 were contract laborers and 1053 were free laborers.

"The rejected contract laborers," he continues, "were each under contract executed prior to their departure from Japan to perform labor in Hawaii. These contracts had not, however, received the approval of the Hawaiian Board of Immigration, and that fact was assigned as the sole reason for the exclusion of their holders."

As the new Hawaiian immigration laws, professedly modelled on those of the United States, discriminate against "pauper labor," Count Okuma sets forth that at the time of their arrival in Hawaii the expelled free laborers were each in actual possession of not less than $50 in money. "The *bona fides* of such possessions," he writes, "was not called in question, or at least not disproved. In addition to that sum of money, these immigrants severally had undertakings from reliable immigrant companies in Japan assuring to them the necessaries of life in case of sickness or other misfortune. These undertakings were in no sense of the word labor contracts. Nevertheless, the provident possession of them was finally given as the reason for refusing the holders the right of entry and residence.

"In order, apparently, to carry on without failure or misadventure the crusade against the newly arrived Japanese immigrants, upon which it had manifestly embarked, the Hawaiian government refused to allow these subjects of his Imperial Majesty, whose residential rights were in jeopardy, to employ counsel or to have access to the courts of justice to defend those rights. The denial of these remedial rights was based upon the propositions, first, that the right of counsel only existed in respect of judicial proceedings; second, that the persons appealing to the courts were aliens and not yet landed in Hawaii; and third, that the decision of the customs officials was final.

"The rule not permitting you [Minister Shimamura] to see your countrymen who were restrained of their liberty in a strange land was, it seems, relaxed after a precedent had been established by the case of the *Shinshin Maru's* passengers. While such refusal did not perhaps constitute a positive disregard of conventional engagements, it was at least an unfriendly act, and it indicated a determination to pursue the newly adopted policy of expulsion at all hazards."

After declaring it the deliberate judgment of the government of Japan that "the refusal of hospitality to the 1199 immigrants above referred to was unwarranted by the laws of Hawaii, and in open and direct contravention of the treaty stipulations subsisting between Japan and Hawaii," Count Okuma reviews the immigration acts of Hawaii which make it "unlawful for aliens without visible means of support" to enter the country, exception being made in favor of those in "*bona fide* possession of $50 in money or a *bona fide* written contract of employment with a reliable and responsible resident of the Hawaiian Islands binding such alien to work as an agricultural laborer for a term of not less than two years." This is a provision of Act 66 of the provisional government, as amended by Act 3. Under Act 17 of "the Executive and Advisory Councils" the importation of contract labor is forbidden, with the reservation, however, that "any person or association may bring aliens into the Hawaiian Islands, as aforesaid, upon receiving from the Board of Immigration its written approval of the contracts under which it is proposed to introduce such aliens."

While Count Okuma denies that these acts were fairly administered against his countrymen, it is under them that the Hawaiian government proceeded, and it is their obvious intention to put the whole matter of the importation of contract labor into the hands of a board empowered to suspend or enforce the prohibitions of the law, as may seem convenient.

It is in this connection that Count Okuma makes what will undoubtedly be considered his strongest point against the action of Hawaii. "The imperial government," he writes, "contends that, in the matter of the right of Japanese subjects to enter and reside in Hawaii, the Hawaiian government cannot, without their consent, impose any conditions or introduce any limitations not contemplated by the existing treaty; neither can the Hawaiian government, in view of that treaty, deny to such subjects, in respect of residential rights, a perfect equality of treatment, not only with the subjects and citizens of the most favored nations, but with the citizens of the republic. The accompanying memorandum indicates the treaty engagements with other powers upon which these contentions rest."

This memorandum is intended to force on Hawaii a realization of the inconsistency of attempting to lodge with a mere board of immigration power not only to suspend the prohibitions of an act of the Hawaiian government, but to set aside for the time being the requirements of any treaty which happens to be inconvenient. The treaty with Japan contains the usual provision that the subjects of that country shall not be discriminated against, but shall "at all times enjoy the same privileges as may have been or may hereafter be granted to the subjects of any other nation." In his memorandum Count Okuma shows that among the privileges guaranteed to Japan by Hawaii is that of entering freely its ports, of trading, and "of remaining and residing." In the Hawaiian treaty with Germany it is guaranteed that the "subjects and citizens of each contracting power shall enjoy in the territories of the other the same privileges, liberties, and rights, and shall be subject only to the same imposts or charges in these respects, as native subjects or citizens." Under the treaty with France, French citizens have the right "to travel or reside, to trade by wholesale and retail, as if they were native subjects, and to establish themselves wherever they may think it suitable for their interests."

Similar clauses appear in treaties with other countries, and under the guarantee of the treaty between Japan and Hawaii no favor shown to the subjects or citizens of any other country is to be denied to Japan.

After urging these considerations, Count Okuma quotes a specific assurance from Mr. Cooper, Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, recognizing the equal residential rights of Japanese subjects. Under date of September 18, 1896, Minister Cooper wrote to the Japanese minister, Mr. Shimamura:

"Permit me to draw your attention to the fact that under the treaty existing between this country and Japan the subjects of his Imperial Majesty are permitted to enter the country without restrictions, except such as are imposed upon citizens of other countries having treaty relations with this government."

Throughout several pages of his argument Count Okuma addresses himself to the not very difficult undertaking of showing that "the continuity of policy" towards Japan claimed by the Hawaiian officials had really been violently and suddenly dislocated by acts which amounted to a denial not only of Japanese residential rights, but of the right to employ counsel, to be heard in court, and to appeal for redress to the Hawaiian government itself against an alleged injustice done by executive officers of the government.

"The right of residence is a high and valuable right," Count Okuma continues. "In the case under discussion an executive and not a judicial officer assumed to exercise the power of deciding as to the existence of that right, and that fact furnished the Hawaiian government the reason for denying to the Japanese subjects concerned the privilege of counsel. . . . In assigning the fact of alienage as a reason for closing the courts against my countrymen the Hawaiian government ignored the treaty engagement by which it had solemnly promised to extend to the subjects of his Imperial Majesty national treatment in the matter of the administration of justice. And equally untenable is the suggestion that the remedial rights of Japanese subjects under the treaty subsisting between Japan and Hawaii must wait upon a statutory fiction. The Japanese immigrants who required legal advice, and who appealed to the Supreme Court of Hawaii to protect them in the enjoyment of their treaty rights, were not only within the exclusive jurisdiction and control of Hawaii, but were at the time actually restrained of their liberty by the Hawaiian authorities. To assert that persons in that predicament were not entitled to guaranteed remedial rights, merely because a law of Hawaii had declared that persons undergoing quarantine on shore were not deemed to have landed in Hawaii, is to advance a proposition which, I am convinced, the government of the republic will not seriously attempt to maintain."

When the Hawaiian authorities first disclosed their policy of excluding and deporting Japanese immigrants at their pleasure, an attempt was made to secure from the Hawaiian courts a declaration of Japanese treaty rights, but it was unsuccessful. In reviewing this phase of the case Count Okuma writes:

"The contention that the decision of the Collector-General of Customs was final, and binding upon the Supreme Court of Hawaii, lacked this fundamental fact, as shown by the accompanying memorandum—that at the time the court declined to intervene on behalf of the Japanese immigrants no final decision had been rendered by the Collector-General of Customs. . . .

"In thus criticising the withholding of remedial rights from Japanese subjects," Count Okuma says, in conclusion, "it has not been my purpose to formulate at this juncture any separate demand on account of the denial of justice. My object has been to make it clear that the decrees of expulsion against the 1199 Japanese immigrants were wholly inconclusive. The imperial government is convinced that the action of the Hawaiian government, both executive and judicial, in respect of all the rejected immigrants, was unwarranted in view of the domestic legislation of Hawaii, and that it must be condemned in contemplation of Hawaii's treaty obligations to a friendly power. You will communicate a copy of this instruction to the Minister of Foreign Affairs as a more exact and complete definition and justification of the contentions of the imperial government than has heretofore been presented, and you will at the same time give expression to the hope entertained by the government of his Majesty the Emperor that the Hawaiian government will perceive the advantage, from every point of view, of an early adjustment of this most serious question upon the principles of exact justice and right.

(Signed) COUNT OKUMA SHIGENOBER,
Minister for Foreign Affairs."

The temperate tone of this document, written, as Count Okuma states, to be presented to the Hawaiian government as "a more exact and complete definition" of the attitude of Japan, is wholly inconsistent with the stories that the Hawaiian government was forced to appeal for immediate annexation to the United States because of fear of being involved in war with Japan. Beyond the customary diplomatic assertion that the conduct complained of is "intolerable," there is not a syllable in Count Okuma's definition of the policy of his government to which the most sensitive Hawaiian annexationist could have pointed as cause of alarm. As far as the relations between Japan and Hawaii prior to the signing of the annexation treaty and its transmission to the Senate in June are concerned, the statement of Count Okuma will without doubt be accepted as a demonstration of Japan's good neighborliness. It is impossible to believe after reading it that the intention in uttering it was to force a quarrel, or to do anything more than to seek redress from the authorities of Hawaii under their own laws and the existing treaty with Japan.

A DISENCHANTED MESA.

About three hundred and fifty years ago a gallant Spanish company, under the leadership of Coronado, marched gayly northward from their Mexican possessions following the will-o'-the-wisp of gold to the gates of the famous Cibola, the goal of the ambitious Cortez. They asked questions about gold, and the natives and medicine-men regaled their minds with stories which were fully up to the expectations of the eager explorers. They were finally effectually disenchanted by their experiences.

Many other interesting tales were unfolded which savored of the heroic historic past of the tribes through

whose interesting country they were passing. The capacity of the native for spinning yarns has always been noted, and he generally has the last word and tells the most famous tale. The imaginative faculty has always been very highly cultivated among them, and we can easily believe that when called upon on such a show occasion flights would be indulged in which would leave nothing wanting in the line of daring. If we could carry ourselves back to this remote period and to the valley of Acoma, we might in fancy indulge in a most interesting scene. A few hostile passes had been made, but the Spaniards, who apparently understood the method of indulging in a higher "bluff," as a Westerner would say, marched boldly on, to the complete surprise and consternation of the Acomites, who instantly proceeded to receive them as men and brothers. These preliminaries having been arranged, and the motherly protection of Spain having been secured, the on-coming night spread its rainbow-tipped wings over the stage of action.

Around the glowing camp fire were gathered the stalwart forms of men-at-arms, vigorous, swarthy, and tried, whose mettle and hardihood had won a new world for their mother-country. After the usual greetings we can see the blanketed form of one from an equally interesting group press forward, as the light from the fire and the softer radiance of the rising moon cast a strange and charming glow upon his typical form and features. The keen-eyed child of nature was at his best, and his tried eloquence was now to weave a new and brilliant line into the fabric of history. It is not known whether he was given to the use of "once upon a time," but with words to that effect we may feel sure that he began to unfold the record of the prowess of his ancestors.

The fine castellated crag rising majestically to their right had already excited the wonder and admiration of the strangers, and now its beauties were increased many times by the fairy light of the night. This served as an inspiration in his theme. That rock, now haunted by spirits, had once been the home of his race. Upon its lofty summit their houses had been built. There they and theirs were fully secured against all attacks of their enemies. One long slablike rock, which had slipped away from the main mass, and along which they had carefully hewn the notches which served as footholds, formed their only approach to the dizzy height, 500 feet above the plain. At all other points a frowning precipice presented, as it does to-day, an impassable barrier to almost everything living except the birds.

Their fields were fertile, their flocks were large, and they had been blessed by bountiful nature even beyond their needs. But the nature that had been so kind could also be harsh and cruel. One afternoon a terrific storm took place, and after their work was done in the fields below they reached the base of the rock only to find that their pathway had been destroyed. Many were the eyes that were turned upward wistfully, but in vain. Their poor companions above were cut off from all means of descent, and were doomed to the terrible fate of starvation. The tribe then chose the neighboring rock for the site of their new home, and there they now lived. For many long years no human foot had ever crossed the summit of that bold mesa, and they had reason to believe that the spirits of their dead alone watched the site of the home of long ago.

The medicine-man of the future will now have to publish a new and revised edition of the story. He will note that while all their men were away, in July of 1897, piously engaged in cutting timbers to renew the crumbling roof of their cathedral, another party of men, headed by two vandals from the far East, stealthily entered their valley. One of these men was an inquisitive scientist by the name of Libbey, the other a prying journalist called Bridgman. They had much curious baggage, which was brought in upon two heavily laden wagons. Among other things was a small cannon, and miles and miles of rope. The cannon was set up on the eastern side of the southern point of the mesa, and after it had been charged, a large shot with a projecting shaft and ring was placed in the gun. To this shot a cord was attached which led to a box, where a long line had been carefully coiled in a manner never seen before in this part of the country, but which seemed to have a purpose, because, when the gun was discharged, the line left the box without being snarled up. The shot passed up in the air high above the cliff, and fell on the western side of the mesa. They then spent two whole days drawing ropes over the top of the rock, until finally, by the aid of a team, the largest rope of all (about an inch in diameter) had been put in place. This rope had a pulley attached to it, through which a smaller rope passed, and this pulley was hauled up exactly to the edge of the cliff. A curious seat was constructed with a board which was suspended from a block which ran along the top of the large rope. One end of the smaller rope was attached to this block, and the other fastened behind a team. The explorer, seating himself in the chair, in spite of the protests of our women and children who were present, was drawn up to the top of the rock, and then another member of the party, called Pearce, was drawn up after him.

They found themselves upon the smaller end of the great rock, however, and were cut off from the main portion of the mesa. They called for a ladder, which was sent up to them, and then the explorer, climbing down it upon the face of the cliff where the rocks were perpendicular on either side of the knife edge over which the ladder hung, jumped across to the other side of the chasm. He wandered around for a long time, and when he came back to where he left his companion, called out to those below that the summit had never been inhabited; that there was no trace of houses ever having been constructed up there; that there were no remnants of pottery, or fragments of household utensils, or implements of any kind; no water-tanks for the storage of rain-water; one object alone looked as though it might have been built by human hands, and that was a small cairnlike mass of stones. He spoke of stunted pine and cedar trees growing in scanty masses of earth here and there, but described the remainder of the surface as perfectly bare, and swept clean by the wind. A few grasses and plants common on the plains below were also found, and these, with one gray rat and a number of ordinary lizards, were all the evidences of life to be seen. All of which merely goes to show that he was in reality blinded by the spirits, and that his remark when he reached the plain once more, that the mesa was disenchanted, was an illusion of his mind, that had been unduly excited by his trip up into the thin air only fit for spirits to breathe.

William Libbey.

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN HONOR OF SPAIN'S DEAD PREMIER.

The solemn mass for the repose of the soul of the late Premier of Spain, Cánovas del Castillo, held in the church of St. Vincent de Paul, at eleven o'clock on Wednesday last, August 18, was largely attended by the Spanish colony of this city and vicinity.

The church, which is richly decorated in gold and white, was draped in mourning. Facing the grand altar in the main aisle was a large and imposing catafalque. It was a mass of black. On either side, the letter C in white on a shield of black. The catafalque was flanked by large candelabra, three on a side. The end facing Twenty-third Street was buried in rich flowers and crowns from the Spanish Embassy, Washington; La Junta Patriótica Española, New York; Las Novedades, and many others.

The chief mourners were his Excellency Señor Don E. Dupuy de Lome, Spanish Minister in Washington; the secretaries of his embassy; Captain de la Casa, Royal Artillery, representing the army, and Captain Llopis the navy. All wore the rich uniforms of their respective ranks. The Consular Corps was fully represented.

The officiating clergy were three Spanish priests, here temporarily, assisted by the clergy of St. Vincent de Paul. The solemn mass was of the usual character.

The Rev. Father Jannices, a friend of the late Premier, made the oration. From it the following are brief selections:

(*Continued on page 864.*)

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN
is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N. Y. City.—[*Adv.*]

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

The snap and tone you lack. Edge to appetite. Fuller joy to life. Abbott's Angostura Bitters gives these—and more. Must be the genuine.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is a world-renowned article—beware of imitations.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Beautiful muslin for wedding trousseaux—"as fine as linen, as soft as silk."
For sale by all leading retailers.

[Drawn from life expressly for Sozodont.]

Did you ever stop to consider the grateful fragrance of Sozodont, and the refreshing sensation it produces in the mouth, the sense of coolness and cleanliness, these warm vacation days? After a spin, Sozodont is almost indispensable.

A sample for three cents, if you mention Harper's. Address P.O. Box 247, New York.
HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors - - - - - - - New York and London.

Williams Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

THE PERFECTION OF TOILET SOAP.
It required years of costly and careful experiments to produce a Toilet Soap that should be fully up to the high standard of the Famous Williams' Shaving Soaps.

FOR SUMMER USE.
For the common skin affections during hot weather, the soothing, healing qualities of Jersey Cream Soap are unsurpassed. Those having delicate skins will always find it delightful and beneficial.

ABSOLUTELY PURE,
DELICATELY SCENTED,
GIVES UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

FREE! *A Beautiful Transparent*
Window Thermometer
(12 inches long, 3 inches wide)
to fasten outside the window, is carefully packed with each dozen cakes of
JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP.

Sample Cake of this exquisite Soap mailed to any address upon receipt of . . . . . **2 cents.**

Full-Sized Cake, 15 cents.

One Doz. Cakes, and the Valuable Window Thermometer sent prepaid to any Ex. Office in U.S. for **$2.00.**

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. H, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Manufacturers for over Half a Century of
WILLIAMS' CELEBRATED SHAVING SOAPS.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Heads the list of the highest-grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.
SOHMER & CO., Piano Manufacturers,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

A NIGHT SCENE ON THE BOULEVARD—NEW YORK'S GREAT BICYCLE THOROUGHFARE.

(Continued from page 863.)

Cánovas del Castillo rose from the people to eminence. He shaped the destinies of Spain. He restored a throne undermined by rebellion. He checked a fratricidal war. This man, who advised the throne, who was made famous by his many and great attainments, has ceased to exist.

That well-known figure who gave life and animation to the Athenæum, who supported the Academy, is no more.

That column has been broken, that light extinguished, that fortress destroyed, that man assassinated.

What shall we do in the presence of such a disaster?

We must content ourselves with admiring his great genius, his talents, and his prestige, not forgetting the utterance of the great Bismarck, "I have never bowed before any one, but I bow whenever the name of Cánovas del Castillo is mentioned."

We denounce the crime, and ask for just vengeance on earth, as well as in heaven, against the awful sinner, against the unhappy man who has overwhelmed Spain with sorrow. Our indignation is just. An illustrious Spanish woman, the widow of the unfortunate Cánovas del Castillo, has given the world a beautiful lesson regarding forgiveness. When the funeral procession left La Huerta, she publicly asked pardon for the man who had cut short the life of her dear husband. It was grand. It was magnificent. It arose from a heart truly Catholic, that of a heroine. An admirable lesson for all who cherish feelings of hostility and revenge.

From this sad incident we have to learn another lesson—a very necessary one in our days—that of combating anarchism by the diffusion of Catholic doctrine, and the necessity of submitting human wisdom and authority to that of our Lord.

We must pray for Spain. We must pray for the royal family. Pray for the disconsolate widow of our great statesman. Pray for the soul of our chief. We lament his death as a national calamity. We weep and pray for the soul of his Excellency Señor Don Antonio Cánovas del Castillo. *Requiescat in pace.*

The services were under the auspices of La Junta Patriotica Española, of New York city.

Secretary Sherman telegraphed his regret that the message sent to the President was received too late to permit the Secretary's attendance, and expressed his profound sympathy.

THE POLITICAL CALM IN ENGLAND.

THERE were only two measures of first-class importance passed in the late session of the English Parliament. One was the act establishing a system of compensation to workmen injured in the course of their employment, and the other was the measure, demanded alike by the Church of England and the Church of Rome, for further help from the imperial treasury to the elementary schools maintained in connection with these churches. These were both noteworthy measures, and both have long been subjects of much controversy. But interest attaching to the late Parliamentary session arises much more out of the extraordinary position of political parties in England, which the session again made obvious, than out of any additions to the statute-book.

The position of parties, especially of the Liberal party, is unexampled in the political history of England. Both in England and in this country there is some disposition to attribute the stagnation among the Liberals to the lack of a popular leader, or to the apathy of those leaders of the Liberal party who sit on the Front Opposition Bench of the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt may not be a leader who arouses any enthusiasm among the rank and file of the Liberal party, either in or out of Parliament. He may be a poor exchange for a leader like Mr. Gladstone, or even for Lord Rosebery, but, however that may be, neither Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, nor Sir Henry Fowler can be blamed for the apathy which now characterizes English Liberalism. The real reason is that for the present the Liberals are without a mission. It is true that the traditional mission of the opposition in the English Parliament is to criticise the government. The Liberals are still discharging this duty, but for the first time in the history of the Liberal party they are doing absolutely nothing else.

Heretofore, whenever the Liberals have been in opposition, they have, in addition to acting as critics of the government, been busy with some agitation for reform, which gave large and continuous scope for their energy. In the past two sessions they have been occupied exclusively with criticism, and have brought forward no measures to which the Liberal party as a whole is committed, and for which it is working in and out of Parliament. Modern Liberalism dates from the decade of 1770–80, when the need for many constitutional changes was made glaringly obvious by the attitude of George III. and his docile administration towards the Revolution. Then it was that the predecessors of present-day Liberals took up the cry of constitutional reform and of economy in the administration of the government, which had first been raised in the independent county constituencies. In and out of season this agitation was continued, until 1832, when the first Reform Act was passed. That act was hardly on the statute-book before a second agitation for reform was commenced. It began with the people, and culminated in the Chartist movement. From 1832 to about 1856 the Liberal party, then an embodiment of the English middle classes, held aloof from the Parliamentary reform movement. In the sixties, however, the Liberals were supporting it, and in 1867, after nearly a century of agitation, the working-classes in the towns got the vote. Following this came another agitation—that for Parliamentary votes for the working-classes in the rural districts. The Liberals early identified themselves with this movement, and supported it until the Reform Act of 1884 was carried. Then the Liberals agitated for a reform of county and parish government. A measure for county government reform was carried in 1888, and another for the reform of parish government in 1894.

When the Reform Act of 1884 was carried it looked as though constitutional change must come to an end when county government was reformed. In 1885, however, the home-rule question injected itself into English politics. The Liberals, following the lead of Mr. Gladstone, associated themselves with this movement, and worked for home-rule with more or less energy from 1885 until 1895. The general election of that year, however, showed that the English people would have none of home-rule. They put the Liberals in a minority of 150 in the House of Commons; and since that general appeal to the constituencies, so far as the Liberals are concerned, home-rule has been allowed to fall into the background, and any one reading the Liberal newspapers of to-day would never imagine that in two recent Parliaments the Liberals essayed to carry a home-rule bill. Never before did the Liberal party act towards a measure for constitutional change to which it had once given its adhesion as it has acted since 1895 towards home-rule. Its action towards Ireland is utterly unlike the action of the Liberals of the period between 1780 and 1832 towards the movement for Parliamentary reform. That movement, to all outward appearance, seemed to be downed again and again; but the Liberals never let go, and statesmen like Lord Grey and Lord Russell, who had attached themselves to it when, fresh from the universities, they entered the House of Commons, stood continuously by it until the great epoch-making change was accomplished.

The net result of the reforms adopted between 1832 and 1894, and of the curious shifting of parties during the last fifteen years, is that to-day the Liberals are practically without a programme, and are marking time from necessity, not from choice. In the constituencies there are no demands for reform to be pressed upon the Liberal leaders. The people themselves are at rest from political agitation, and until the people set themselves in motion again there can be no work of the old kind for the Liberals in Parliament. It is useless for the Liberal leaders to attempt to raise cries with a view to popular agitation. Things do not move in that way in England. In the past all demands for reform have originated with the people, and at the fit and proper stage the Liberal leaders have attached themselves to these movements and piloted them through Parliament. The Liberals in Parliament are now idle because the people have put no work into their hands, and for the present the people are showing no inclination to do so. From 1780 to 1895 England was never without an agitation for a constitutional change of some kind, and usually an agitation sufficiently formidable to keep the country astir. The country is now enjoying a period of unexampled domestic tranquillity and rest. Any one who looks down the vista back to the time when this country broke away from the mother-land must admit that the rest is well earned, and that it is well that there should be a period of tranquillity, in order that the numerous changes in machinery of local and imperial government made in the last sixty-five years may be tested.

AN EVENING ON THE BOULEVARD.

A FEW years ago Broadway disappeared in a kind of morass at Fifty-ninth Street.

From that point the "Boulevard" trailed its slimy length northward to nobody but the map-makers knew where, and, as far as the average New-Yorker was concerned, the Boulevard was a place of outer darkness. A few blocks of asphalt laid above Fifty-ninth Street attracted the wheelmen, little shops began to appear, and people who came to watch the wheel-folk thronged the sidewalks. New-Yorkers who chanced to possess a little city pride began to inquire why the two rows of beautiful elms in the centre of the avenue were left to the companionship of ragweed, thistles, and dog-fennel, when numbers of respectable citizens were anxious to walk in their shade.

Then came the wonderful craze for the bicycle, which attacked rich and poor alike, and made the completion of the Boulevard pavement a public necessity. The ragweed had to go, and from a howling wilderness the Boulevard in two years has become a beautiful parkway, with grass-plots and flowers and gravelled walks.

Every night the lanterns of thousands of bicycles make of the Boulevard a marvellous spectacle, and where all was weeds and mud and blackness is now the most cheerful thoroughfare in all New York. Vacant lots are becoming a thing of the past; but on the few that are left enterprising ice-cream-venders put up their tents and string up their Chinese lanterns, until the inevitable builder crowds them out. The tandem is greatly in evidence on the Boulevard this summer; the scorcher has almost disappeared, as has also the young woman in bloomers. Wheelmen and wheelwomen ride better and dress more becomingly than ever before. It is a great sight, and every one should see the Boulevard on a summer evening.

W. A. R.

AMATEUR SPORT

"SUMMER-NINE" BASEBALL THIS SEASON is very much less of a disturbing factor in the world of amateur sport than since the halcyon days of the Cape May team.

But few players of promise have yielded to the blandishments of resort amusement-procurers, and the majority of those were graduated this year. They are added to the "list," however, by way of forming a reference memorandum, in case of their returning this autumn for post-graduate courses.

Perhaps the most signal victory over "summer-nine" semi-professional ball-playing has been gained in the middle West. Chicago University, which hitherto has maintained such a nine, has this year not only yielded to wholesome counsel and abandoned the practice, but discountenanced summer-nine playing by its students. In other directions a like effort to weed out this professionalizing influence is in evidence.

"SUMMER-NINE" BLACK LIST.

A "summer nine," so called, is a baseball team maintained by an individual, or group of individuals, or hotel, or club; wholly or partly dependent for its players upon summer residents, and at the games of which gate-money is accepted and used for other than charitable purposes. A college man who joins such an aggregation is considered to have forfeited his right to represent a university in any department of amateur athletics.

Phillips (Brown); Bradley,* Altman,* Smith,* Jayne,* and Wilson* (Princeton); Barclay (Lafayette); Davis (Wesleyan); Wadsworth and Clarkson (Yale); Scannell (Harvard); Blakeley* and Dickson (Pennsylvania).

* Graduated in '97.

Names will be added to this list as they are learned. In the discovery of offenders against the ethics of healthful college sport, we invoke the aid of all sportsmen.

There are several others that appear to be candidates for the black list, but of whose fitness for it we have not yet satisfied ourselves. Of these are French, the Andover captain and short stop; Saul, the Cambridge High and Latin School second-base man; Crowley, of the same school team; Lynch, Stearns, Gonterman, and F. Goodrich, all of Harvard. These men are reported to be "signed" (there is a most offensively professional twang in the use of that word "signed") by various hotels in the White Mountains.

The Newton Athletic Association (near Boston) put forth a nine this season of college graduates of several years' standing, made up as follows: Dowd (formerly of Georgetown and Holy Cross, those nurseries of professional ball-players), who is paid cash; Draper (Williams); Dickinson, Hovey, Whittemore, Winston (all of Harvard); Hubbard (Yale); and Warren (Brown).

DISGUISED PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL around New York has received such universal condemnation that "managers" have had difficulty in getting together teams that can play well enough to make an interesting game. The right sort of college men are no longer among the "summer-nine" proselytes, and clubs have found the deception unprofitable. One of them—the Orange Athletic Club—has gone to its death because its members and the residents in its vicinity had grown disgusted with the corruption that has scandalized Orange A. C. baseball and football for several years. Sportsmen rejoice in the dissolution of this club, as they did in the demise of that other arch-offender, the old Manhattan A. C.

And thus another illustration is provided to prove that unwholesomeness in amateur sport does not pay—even the piper.

This season some men, with an eye to the dollar rather than to sport, have organized a nine, christened it the Orange Athletic Club team, and started it off on a still-hunt for gate-money. Thus far they have not been enriched.

The Oritani Field Club at Hackensack has a nine made up of non-residents—and paid at so much a game. The team has not created the interest of the old days, when the club had at least an occasional resident player.

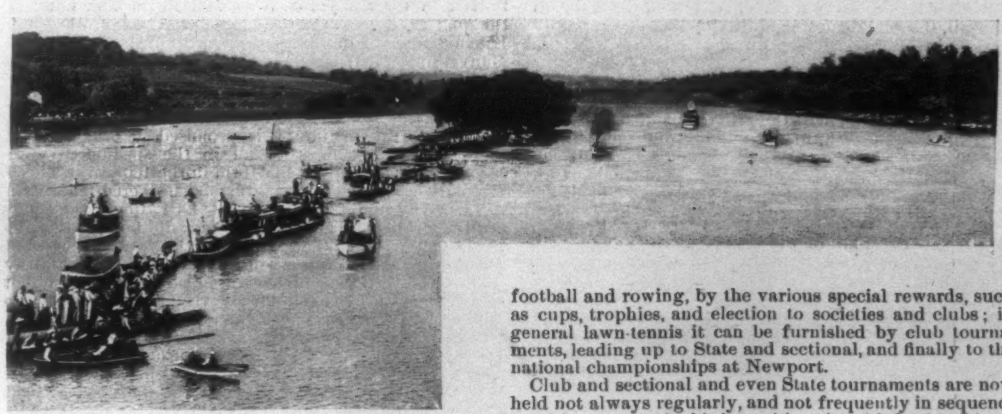
The much-heralded all-collegiate team of Philadelphia has failed to attract first-class men and has been playing uninteresting ball. Dickson of Pennsylvania is the only 'varsity player to debar himself from college baseball by having joined its ranks.

ONE FACULTY THAT HAS DISCIPLINED its refractory athletes in a most salutary fashion is that of the Missouri State University, which suspended indefinitely from the university the captain of the football eleven, T. R. Shawhan; the manager, George H. English; and discharged in disgrace its coach, Frank M. Patterson, of New York. The reason for such summary action was a trip by the football team to Texas and Mexico, which the faculty had previously forbidden. Thus we see that in the West, as well as in the East, faculties are alive to the harmful influence of tours and games outside the regular college schedules where an admission-fee is charged.

WITH ITS FIRST CLASS SERIOUSLY DEPLETED by the untimely retirement of high-grade players, and golf trespassing on its recruiting-field, there has never been a time during the American life of lawn-tennis when nourishment was so needful to its prosperous existence. For that reason, if for no other, it seems especially important that much and unceasing encouragement should be given State and sectional tournaments. That such local play is the most certain developer of raw material is a sporting axiom, corroborated by the experience of every other athletic game. This is a trite statement, no doubt, and yet the lessons of the past show that disregard of its reasonable teachings has accounted for many of our troubles in lawn-tennis and other games.

NO GAME CAN ATTAIN LASTING PROSPERITY, or maintain a first-class standard, unless the second and third and lower classes are given continuous attention. The dependency for permanent good form on the cultivation of stars, to the neglect of the rank and file, is a policy that has been tried and found wanting at all of our universities and in every branch of athletic endeavor. As the maintenance of a 'varsity standard has been found—at Harvard and Yale, for example—to depend largely upon giving the second-class teams first-class coaching, so the maintenance of a first-class standard in lawn-tennis depends very considerably upon the attention given the second-raters. The means employed to such an end must differ, of course. At the colleges the recruits are comparatively few, and immediately under the eyes and direction of the athletic officials, and may be coached into better form; in lawn-tennis the recruits are a great army scattered over all the country, who may not be reached directly, and whose development rests almost entirely upon their individual and respective ambition. These cannot be coached; they must be encouraged.

THE AVERAGE INDIVIDUAL requires an incentive to move him to unusual effort. In college baseball this is supplied by the honor roll of batting and fielding percentages; in football and rowing, by the various special rewards, such as cups, trophies, and election to societies and clubs; in general lawn-tennis it can be furnished by club tournaments, leading up to State and sectional, and finally to the national championships at Newport.



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THE NATIONAL REGATTA AT PHILADELPHIA.
Scene on the Schuylkill River Course.

Club and sectional and even State tournaments are now held not always regularly, and not frequently in sequence or with system. And it is on this point chiefly that I have taken up the matter for comment. The relation of an Advisory Committee to the various sports of its university should be substantially the relation of the United States National Lawn-Tennis Association to its club members and their players throughout the country. In its present condition the game and the clubs and the players need something more than a mere official head, whose chief occupation is the granting of dates and making of an occasional rule. They need a counsellor who is both active and sympathetic; one who not only rules against abuses, but who points out the way to prosperity and gives helpful aid to its attainment.

SOME OF THESE ATTRIBUTES the National Association has, and some of them it has not. But certainly whatever the degree of its sympathy, its activity in aid of sectional tennis development has not been notable. Championships have been established and dates granted for club or State tournaments, and there activity at least has ended. A most estimable pattern for the National Association is the organization of the League of American Wheelmen, which encourages and keeps in touch with the interests of its members, far and near. The delegates of the National Association appear to consider their full duty performed by attendance at the annual meeting; the L. A. W. sectional representatives are never done furthering the interest of the sport and lending encouragement to its devotees in their respective districts.

HOW THE L. A. W. membership has increased, and how the purely local sport has developed broadly through the country, intelligent readers of the newspapers know. Now the one official act of the L. A. W. which is almost entirely responsible for that local increase was the rule promulgated a few years ago forbidding a man to race outside of his own district, or a club to pay a racer's expenses to any meet save that of his own section or to the national championships. Before that excellent rule went into effect there had been slight encouragement offered local riders. A band of so-called amateurs went forth from the East every year, touring the country and racing wherever sufficient inducement offered.

SCHUYLKILL NAVY BOAT-HOUSES.

This pleased the local club managers at first, because, they argued, the spectators preferred to see the "cracks." But it shortly became evident that local talent languished in the hopelessness of winning even a place against men who followed the racing circuit as a means of livelihood, and were in perennial training. Then came the rule that put an end to the touring, and gave the impetus to local bicycle-racing that, in point of arousing local interest, has quite exceeded the greatest enthusiasm the semi-professionals ever created.

IN ONLY SO FAR AS IT APPLIES to the disregard of local players is this illustration applicable to tennis. There is no similar semi-professionalism to disturb the Association's complacency, but the tendency to exploit borrowed attractions that handicapped local development—in L. A. W. experience—seems to prevail largely in tennis. If the same energy that is now expended in drumming up an entry-list of "cracks" to local tournaments had been devoted to the cultivation of local players, there would not now be so long a step between our first and second class players, nor would we, in '97, have had but two really first-class players representing American tennis at the national championships.

It has been argued that three or four cracks going from one local tournament to another, carrying off all the honors, and completely smothering such local players as may venture to oppose them, is the best way to arouse local tennis interest and develop local tennis-players. It may be even asserted that local players and local "rooters" should believe their provision of cups and of enthusiasm cheap at half the price of providing an opportunity for the exploitation of the cracks.

BUT HUMANITY IN LAWN-TENNIS is much like humanity in general, and not at its ease in altruistic rôles. Perhaps the future may discover cultivation equal to smilingly paying for another's summer holiday, but meantime the L. A. W.'s experience proves us to be of the traditional, if humble, clay.

It seems a reasonable and trustworthy deduction that lawn-tennis cannot thrive in pursuing methods which the L. A. W. after a long trial abandoned as unprofitable. If the permanent and general welfare of bicycling was not benefited by touring racers, it appears consistent that, on a similar sowing, lawn-tennis will not reap wheat where bicycling reaped only tares. The ones responsible for the meagre harvest are the clubs whose misguided directors fancy no tournament satisfying without an outside stellar attraction. This criticism does not, of course, apply to foreign entries; they represent an entirely different and most commendable spirit.

THE TOLERATION I DO CRITICISE is that which permits residents of one State or section to compete in the tournaments of another; that permits a player of any class to tour half a dozen States, winning perhaps the championship of each, though being a resident of none. Finally, to be more definite, the toleration which I condemn is that which permitted Leo Ware, G. P. Sheldon, Jr., and E. P. Fischer to go from New York to Chicago and compete for the Western championships.

It is a bad principle that can be defended on no tenable ground. The L. A. W. found that it impoverished its recruiting-field, and the National Lawn-Tennis Association will make the same discovery—let us hope before it is too late.

The rational and wholesome course of a tennis-player would seem to be from his club to his State, then to sectional, and finally to the national championships.

Maguire. Juvenal. Whitehead.

START OF THE SINGLE SCULLS CHAMPIONSHIP.

IT IS TOO BAD that the happy-go-lucky system is employed in the drawings for the National lawn-tennis championships. Whereas judicious distribution of the first eight or ten men would lend interest to all the rounds, now, by the present method, some of the rounds and one-half of the tournament are apt to be destitute of first-class men and entertaining play. This year's tournament serves as an illustration. In the lower half there is but one first-class man, Eaves, and Budlong, Sheldon, Ware, and Paret; in the upper half are Larned, Mahony, Nisbet, George Wrenn, Whitman, Fischer, Stevens, and Chace.

In other words, every one of the first and second class men entered in the tournament, and the ranking man of the third class, are drawn in the upper half, while the best men entered, aside from Eaves the visiting Englishman, in the lower half are of the third and fourth classes. Surely a method that permits of so uneven a distribution of contestants in a tournament requiring seven days of play is open to criticism.

Last year another system was used, with very satisfactory results; but this year, for some reason known only to the Association's Executive Committee, it was ignored. The Newport week for its entire length is none too interesting at best, and considering tennis to be in a condition requiring every encouragement, we should think the advisability of doing whatever will increase the game's popularity would suggest itself to the Association.

THE MOST PLEASING RESULT in the tournament up to Monday (when we go to press) was the defeat of Mahony and Nisbet by Ware and Sheldon in the national doubles. And next to Whitman's defeat of Mahony in the second round of the singles, it was the most unexpected, for the Englishmen's victory had been virtually conceded. Individually, Mahony and Nisbet, of course, outclass Ware and Sheldon, but as a team they were outplayed and completely outgeneralled. That the Englishmen were outgeneralled was not especially surprising, for such has been the result of other international competitions; but to be outplayed, and by two members of America's third class, was a result even the most hopeful native had scarcely anticipated.

Head-work, in fact, won the match for America, aided by Ware's splendid driving and Sheldon's excellent smashing at the net, which quite reminded us of that smasher *par excellence*, Hovey.

THE AMERICANS STARTED THE FIRST SET obviously impressed by the momentous position they occupied before the American public, the loss of their match meaning the conveyance of the national championship title to England. Mahony and Nisbet had the score four games to one before Ware and Sheldon settled to work, and then, by lobbing, the latter pair made it four all. They lost the next and won the following game, and the score again stood even at five all. From then until the Englishmen finally won the set at 13–11 the lead alternated, and for the first time it became apparent to the spectators that America stood a chance of keeping its title at home. The second set strengthened hope, for Ware and Sheldon played all around their opponents, earning more aces and making less errors. The third set was similar in play, though not in result, to the first, Mahony and Nisbet running the score quickly to 4–1, when the Americans made it four all by a splendid stand. They lost the next game, but pulled up again to five all, and finally won out, 9–7, by lobbing and persistently driving at Mahony's forehand.

The fourth set went quickly to the Englishmen, who played strongly, while Ware and Sheldon seemed slow in settling after their rest. But the Americans redeemed themselves in the fifth and deciding set, for they showed the cleverest work of the match, drawing the Englishmen up to the net, and then lobbing or driving past them, oftentimes between them. It was as pretty an exhibition of head-work as I have ever seen on the court.

AND THESE WERE THE TACTICS of the entire match. From first to last Ware and Sheldon lobbed at every opportunity; they kept the Englishmen from the net, and time and again passed them by strong, excellently placed drives, while some of the rallies at the net—between the four—were brilliant to a degree. Ware did the driving and Sheldon the smashing for America, and both lobbed well. Nisbet greatly excelled Mahony, who was decidedly weak. In fact, America's victory is largely due to Ware and Sheldon's persistently playing at Mahony.

FIRST SET.

Ware and Sheldon—	2 1 3 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 2 4 1 4 4 3 2 5 0 5 0 4 0 1—71—11
Mahony and Nisbet—	4 4 5 3 6 0 2 3 6 2 4 2 4 2 2 5 4 3 4 3 4 2 4 4—82—13

SECOND SET.

Ware and Sheldon	1 4 4 4 2 5 4 4—28—6
Mahony and Nisbet	4 0 2 1 4 3 2 1—17—2

THIRD SET.

Ware and Sheldon	1 4 0 3 0 5 7 5 1 4 2 4 1 4 4 5—50—9
Mahony and Nisbet	4 2 4 5 4 3 5 3 4 0 4 0 4 1 2 3—48—7

FOURTH SET.

Ware and Sheldon	0 3 0 6 4 4 6—23—1
Mahony and Nisbet	4 5 4 4 6 6 8—37—6

FIFTH SET.

Ware and Sheldon	4 7 5 8 4 2 4—34—6
Mahony and Nisbet	0 5 3 6 1 4 2—21—1

It is interesting to study the score in detail:

	Places.	Outs.	Nets.
Ware and Sheldon made	73	75	68
Mahony and Nisbet "	61	43	89

Total games won by Ware and Sheldon 33; points, 205. By Mahony and Nisbet, 29 games, 204 points.

Individually:

	Places.	Outs.	Nets.
Ware made	45	28	41
Sheldon "	28	47	27
Nisbet "	36	26	44
Mahony "	25	17	45

OF THE SINGLES MATCHES, none was more interesting than and certainly none so upsetting as the Whitman-Mahony, won by the former, 9–7, 6–3, 3–6, 6–1. Mahony was evidently not at his best, although about as good as he has been since he played at Hoboken. Whitman, however, beat him fairly on merit, earning more points than his opponent, by showing some of that first-class form he generously revealed last year, but had given us but little of this season. He started in poorly, being wild on returns, which he sent into the net or out of court; but when he steadied he did some pretty driving across court, and in the second and fourth sets actually played all around his opponent. Mahony was exceedingly weak on his forehand, and kept driving into the net the many balls that Whitman played to that hand. The soggy court, too, was a handicap to Mahony, who best likes a high-bounding ball on either backhand or forehand. Throughout the match the Irishman's strokes lacked force and accuracy. Whitman did not lob as often as the opportunity offered, but when he did it proved fruitful. More frequently he relied on passing Mahony at the net, and he was successful often enough to warrant the repeated attempts. In the last set Whitman was really brilliant; he had Mahony on the run, so to say, and kept him going, driving with a speed and accuracy that, when he becomes able to control and consistently maintain them throughout a match, will place him among the first players of America.

WHEN WHITMAN MET NISBET in the third round on Saturday he had to deal with a game quite like his own, and one much harder and faster than that Mahony had played against him the previous day. Nisbet came to America with the reputation of being the least formidable of the three visiting Englishmen, but he will leave us with a playing record very much better than that made by Mahony, who ranks him on the British classification. Furthermore, Mr. Nisbet will leave with us the pleasantest memories of his good-humor on the courts and his sportsmanly conduct in the heat of exciting play and under some provoking decisions at critical moments. An instance of his manly spirit was refraining to make an easy stroke when Whitman fell in the third set and was entirely out of the game for the time being.

FROM THE FIRST TO THE LAST of the five sets there was never a time when either seemed assured of victory, and the winning or losing of a majority of the games hung on a single stroke. No match of the tournament has been so closely contested or provided more interesting play. His confidence re-enforced by the defeat of Mahony, Whitman opened the first set with a rush, and soon had his opponent 5–3, but then Nisbet brought the score up to five all, and, eventually, won, 8–6, by some masterful placing in the far corners of the court. Again, in the second set Whitman had run the score up to 3–0 before Nisbet could successfully handle his opponent's brilliant cross-court drives, when the Englishman won three straight games. But Whitman was returning some apparently unplayable balls and doing brilliant driving on his own account, and though Nisbet, after losing the next game, yet pulled the score up to four all, the American was not to be denied, and finally won, 6–4.

NISBET BEGAN THE THIRD SET returning many easy balls into the net, and Whitman won the first two games with little effort. Then the Englishman took four straight by keeping Whitman running from one side to the other of the back court, and placing beautifully on the underhand volley in which the Englishmen all excel. One game for Whitman and the next for Nisbet made the score 5–3, when the American won again on his service, and lost the next and the set, 4–6.

Nisbet won three straight on the opening of the fourth set, and then lapsed into a period of poor play, returning ball after ball into the net. Whitman, meantime, was playing brilliantly, and by his clever drives and occasional lobs took six straight games and the set, 6–3. Both men were running in on their service, and a continuous struggle for the position at the net marked the match.

The fifth set began with Nisbet taking a game by passing his opponent on his coming to the net. Whitman captured the second, when Nisbet, by grand service, which was very severe all through the match, and clever driving along the lines, won three straight games, and the score stood 4–1 in his favor.

THIS LOOKED DUBIOUS FOR WHITMAN, but he had proved himself a strong up-hill player several times during the match, and gave further illustration of it at this point by taking the next three games—the last after 'vantage in his favor had been called four times. Hard service and brilliant placing gave Nisbet the next game, and Whitman the one following on his opponent's return into the net. Thus the score stood two sets all and five games all in the fifth and deciding set. Whitman quickly ran the 'vantage game to 40–15 in his favor, and American hopes rose high, but Nisbet made it deuce, winning on his service, and in the next game, when the result of set and match depended on a stroke, Whitman made two faults, and Nisbet was the victor, 8–6, 4–6, 6–4, 3–6, 7–5.

Although Nisbet netted more balls than has been habitual with him in his American matches, and was less accurate than usual, yet Whitman opposed him with a magnificent game, and achieved much glory for playing to such a close and exciting finish a man generally reckoned two classes above him. How close it was may be judged by the statement that Nisbet beat Whitman 3 sets to 2, 28 games to 27, 176 strokes to 174.

GEORGE WRENN CAUSED LARNED to have several uneasy moments in their match, won by the latter (8–6, 3–6, 6–2, 8–6), although the eventual outcome was never doubtful. Wrenn's steady, hard game, sustained from first to last, is just the kind to count against the carelessness into which Larned is quite apt to drop when playing a lower-class man. The match may be said to have been, on Larned's part, an alternation between his best and his poorest play, while Wrenn kept steadily on in his always excellent game. When Larned fell off, Wrenn forged ahead, and at such times Larned had to play his very best to extricate himself from some tight places; and he got out of some very tight ones, especially in the fourth set, when Wrenn was four times within a point of winning and making the score two sets all. Wrenn showed a strong game, and one to justify our confidence in his tennis future. It is to be regretted the drawings could not have brought him and Whitman together in one of the rounds.

Of all the lower-class men, none has made a more creditable showing than Paret. Although his game may never be called brilliant, it has a more dependable quality perhaps in its consistent steadiness, and it is that quality and a continually improving form which have gradually brought him up step by step in the last two or three years. As a preliminary to Newport he beat Clarence Dodge at Sorrento, and last week beat Sheldon (6–4, 6–0, 6–3), and subsequently E. Wrenn (6–3, 5–7, 6–4, 6–1). He met Eaves and of course defeat simultaneously, but had the satisfaction of getting one set in the four, which is something for a man of the fourth class. Sheldon certainly did not play up to his best, but this is the second time this year he has been beaten by Paret, and the fact is significant.

Two others to deserve especial mention are B. C. Wright, a mere boy, who defeated the Western veteran Ryerson (6–2, 6–4, 3–6, 5–7, 6–3), and made a really clever stand in his match with Nisbet, although of course beaten, (4–6, 3–6, 4–6); and Bond, who lost to Fischer only after a hard-fought five-set match. Fischer, by-the-way, is considerably below his '96 form; he had to work hard to beat M. D. Smith, in straight sets, and subsequently Larned went straight through him (6–4, 6–1, 6–3).

Ware reached the semi-finals after rather an easy course, which presented no more difficult opponent than Holcombe Ward, who was readily disposed of (6–3, 6–4, 6–4). Thus in the semi-finals, played on Monday, Nisbet and Larned, and Eaves and Ware were opposed, and the championship match goes over to Wednesday because of rain in the first of the week that put play behind one day.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS will be decided next Saturday at Manhattan Field, New York, and despite the high-class performances which have characterized these annual A. A. U. meetings for the past three years, this year is certain to provide the most exciting racing we have yet beheld. The average quality of entries is sure to be above that of '96, and the activity of the New Jersey A. C. and Knickerbocker A. C. this season assures an interesting contest between these two in the general struggle for points. The N. J. A. C. defeated the K. A. C. 77 to 67 points in their dual meet, and in the Metropolitan Championships the New York A. C. proved supreme, winning 69 points, to the K. A. C.'s 28 and to the N. J. A. C.'s 24.

The National championships will introduce a new aspirant for point honors in the Chicago Athletic Association; and while there is no likelihood of its team outpointing the N. Y. A. C.'s, yet its success will make extensive inroads upon the total score of the New York club.

The great interest of the meeting, however, centres not upon club supremacy, but upon the meeting of Wefers and Maybury in the 100 yards, the same two and Colfelt in the 220 yards, Rush and Burke and Long in the quarter, Richards and Rogers in the 120-yard hurdles, Kraenzlein and Buck in the 220-yard hurdles, Turner and Manvel in the half-mile, Walsh, Cregan, and Orton in the one-mile run, and Fetterman and S. Liebgold in the one-mile walk.

AN EXCITING STRUGGLE is promised in every one of these events, but most of all in the sprints. Wefers seems to have regained his form in the 100 yards, and if Maybury can repeat the performances he is credited with in the West, a grand race will ensue. Last June at the Western Inter-collegiate meeting Maybury did $9\frac{4}{5}$ s. for the 100 yards, and $21\frac{3}{5}$ s. for the 220 yards with a turn, which is but $\frac{2}{5}$ s. slower than Wefers's world record on a straightaway path. The track was first reported short, but subsequent measurement proved it to be nearly a yard over, and so the Western Association accepted his time in both events. Subsequently he is said to have run 150 yards in $14\frac{3}{5}$ s., $\frac{1}{5}$ s. better than the world's record. Rush is the Grinnell College runner who is reported very fast in the sprints, but who undoubtedly is at his best in the quarter. He has done $50\frac{2}{5}$ s., and can do perhaps 50 s., but is not likely to get better than third with Burke and Long fit. Townsend is another Chicago quarter-miler about as fast as Rush.

Richards is the Western champion, and has a record of $15\frac{4}{5}$ s. over the high hurdles. He and Rogers will have a great race, and if Richards is in condition his chances of winning are good. He has not been well this summer, however. Kraenzlein has a record of $25\frac{3}{5}$ s. over the low hurdles, but he will probably find his master in Buck. These men are the strength of the Western team, although one or two others may be seen—notably Potter, a sprinter with an in-door 100-yard record.

IF WEFERS IS REALLY FIT, and the recently reported world-record performance of $11\frac{3}{5}$ s. for 120 yards certainly suggests him to be so, he will probably win the 100 yards, but in the 220 yards it looks as though Maybury will beat him. Should Colfelt run, and be in his inter-collegiate form, I rather fancy him above either Maybury or Wefers for the 220. Not that I think either Maybury or Colfelt equal to excelling Wefers's record of $21\frac{1}{5}$ s., but rather that they are stronger, and I doubt if Wefers is now the finisher he was two years ago. Accepting Maybury's Western performances to be within his present scope, the outcome of any race between him and Wefers must be regarded as most uncertain. He is unquestionably a very fast man and strongest nearing the tape.

Judging from the recent performances of Long, the latest quarter-mile star of the N.Y.A.C., Burke, to win, must go faster than he has for two years, and he has given no very late evidence of being able to do so, although his record of $57\frac{4}{5}$ s. for 500 yards, made in June, shows his possibilities when in condition. If Walsh can duplicate his 4 m. 19 s. performance recently done at Stamford, he will have an easy win of the mile run. But the race between Orton and Cregan for second place will be exciting. The high jump will be a contest between N. Y. A. C. men—Carroll, Baxter, and Leslie—if Winsor is not on hand to take it, while the new man from Syracuse, Prinstein, with his record of 22 ft. 11 in., seems to have a claim on the broad jump, although either Rogers or Clark may win out through superior steadiness.

No one has been developed yet to take Gray's place in the shot; and the Irish champion, Flanagan—a recent N.Y. acquisition—has deposed Mitchell by a hammer record of 150 ft. 8 in. Recently in an exhibition he covered 157 ft. 4 in. Mitchell's record was 145 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in., and that has been beaten also by Edgren the Californian, now a K.A.C. member. Thus are the mighty fallen.

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